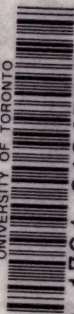


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EDWARD VII
BY A MEMBER
OF THE ROYAL
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KING EDWARD VII (PRINCE OF WALES, 1841-1901)

THE PRIVATE LIFE

OF

KING EDWARD VII

(PRINCE OF WALES, 1841-1901)

BY A MEMBER OF THE

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

ILLUSTRATED



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PREFATORY NOTE

THE purpose of this book is to present a true picture of the personality of the English gentleman who has been known to the world as the Prince of Wales for so many years that the general public will be slow to substitute the title of King Edward VII.

A formal biography would be of comparatively slight interest, but the writer of this book has had the peculiar advantage of a close point of view, due to official association, which offers the happiest results for the reader, who will gain from these pages an actual acquaintance with the character, the predilections, the occupations and amusements, the domestic and the social life of the Prince who has now ascended the throne of England. His home life at Sandringham is pictured in pages of peculiar interest, since country-house life plays so large a part in English social existence. The daily events

The Prince of Wales

at Marlborough House are sketched against a background rich in associations with the past and suggestions of English royalty's widespread relations with distant peoples and lands. The Prince's life as a student, his relations with the Church and the arts, his travels, his patronage of the turf, and his personal habits are placed before us in a light and always entertaining fashion.

The author proves the value of suggestion, since these touches and hints, these notes of dress or diet, or stories of social adventure which the graver historian might condemn, are apt to stick in the memory of less serious mortals, because they illustrate habits and an attitude which are the outward expression of character. Better than state papers or set addresses are the vivid details of a book like this, if we would acquaint ourselves with the personality of England's King. As to one point assuredly there has never been any doubt, and that is the reverence shown through life by the son to the mother, whose wonderful reign has closed amid a sorrow that has known little distinction of race or creed.

It has been said truly enough that the new King of England has been everywhere and seen

Prefatory Note

everything and everybody. The force of the statement is illustrated in a summary of the chief facts of his life. Born in Buckingham Palace, November 9, 1841, and created Prince of Wales on December 4th, he was educated by private tutors, and at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge, and in 1860 already appointed a colonel in the army. He visited Canada, and came southward to receive a most cordial greeting in the United States. On his return he underwent a course of military instruction in camp, at the Cunagh, Kildare. He was rapidly promoted to the rank of Field Marshal, and he holds high rank by courtesy in many European armies.

In 1862, with Dean Stanley, he travelled on the Continent and in the East, visiting Jerusalem, and returning to take his seat in the House of Lords as the Duke of Cornwall. His marriage to the Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King of Denmark, was celebrated March 10, 1863. Journeys which ranged from Sweden to Athens; a nearly fatal attack of typhoid fever in 1871; his admission in 1875 to the Masonic Order, of which he has been Grand Master; a remarkable visit to India in the same year; his prominent part in the

The Prince of Wales

Paris Exhibition of 1878; his tour of Ireland with the Princess in 1885; his part in founding the Imperial Institute, at South Kensington, in 1889, and the General Hospital Fund in 1894—these may be cited among the various phases of an active life which has also included a leading rôle in great ceremonies, like the obsequies of the late Czar, the Queen's Jubilee, and the Diamond Jubilee, innumerable functions and journeys, and a monotonous succession of minor ceremonies, like the often-repeated laying of corner stones.

Even if this bald outline were developed in historical detail, it would lack the life, colour, and actuality of such a series of personal and intimate pictures of the living man as this volume affords.

Doubtless the younger years of the Prince of Wales were not devoid of the frailties of youth, and these may have held the popular imagination sometimes unjustly in later years. That the atmosphere of Marlborough House was not that which enveloped the Queen is hardly a matter for surprise, but an exaggerated conception of the former has led to some erroneous estimates. The tact, discretion, excellent judgment, and wide knowledge of the Prince are qualities which have

Prefatory Note

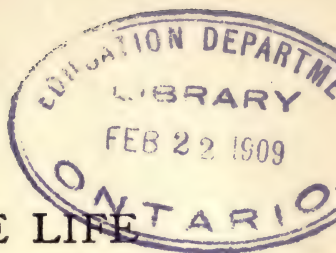
exercised a silent but potent influence in European politics, unless the hints of unwritten history are to be disregarded. These hints, and his constant friendship for America, invest this book with more than a passing interest, since it is of consequence to all Americans to know the personal character of the Prince who is now King of England and Emperor of India.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

CHAPTER I

THE PRINCE AND THE PEOPLE

THE very general and sincere affection with which the Prince of Wales is regarded by English-speaking people was never more clearly demonstrated than in a letter written by a French anarchist to a secret society in France. The man had been sent to England just after the Prince had recovered from his attack of typhoid fever, to ascertain personally the feelings of the British public toward the Royal family. The report made was scarcely promising from an anarchist point of view, for part of it read as follows: "The people are all mad with joy, and will probably be all drunk to-night. There is no chance of a revolution here for the next fifty years." On another occasion, a socialist speaker of some standing, when addressing a mass meeting in Hyde

The Prince of Wales

Park, had practical proof of the Prince's popularity. He was delivering a violent harangue against the Queen and the Royal family, and his fiery periods were received with some applause; but the crowd, as the speaker approached his highest flights of rhetoric, suddenly melted away, and ran as fast as their legs could carry them across the grass to the drive. The astonished orator inquired what had led to this sudden break in the meeting. The reply was intensely characteristic of the real feelings of English men and women: "Some one said that the Prince of Wales was driving by, and they have all run to have a look at him."

Such incidents indicate that the heir to the Throne has undoubtedly made his own position secure with the people at large. Gladstone, who was no great courtier, always acknowledged that circumstances had tended to throw upon the Prince an unusual amount of public duty, and that every call had been honourably and devotedly met. Yet the Prince, even while he has done his best to fill his position, and to perform duties that by right belong to the wearer of the Crown, has ever, as a rule for himself and for every

The Prince and the People

one about him, insisted upon the fact that he is but a subject of the Queen, and that as such he is merely her representative at the great functions in which from time to time he takes the leading part.

It has always been a favourite theory of the Prince, and one up to which he acted in the training of his own sons, that the respect due to Royalty should not begin until its responsibilities are undertaken and acted upon. The Prince's public responsibilities began when he was still a very young man, and he quickly added to them by taking a wife. The month before he was married he held his first levee on behalf of the widowed Queen, and from two o'clock in the afternoon till past five he bowed, and shook hands with a continuous stream of people. His common sense at once showed him that State functions were part of his life, and that he could no more put them aside than he could avoid the ordinary difficulties and duties that present themselves in the life of every man.

The Prince's character had originally a strong tinge of quick temper, which he inherited from his Hanoverian ancestors; but his courtesy and tact, and the self-control which he has taught himself to exercise, have mastered this hereditary

The Prince of Wales

failing, and now he is notably slow to act when put out or annoyed, and makes a point of considering every side of a question before regarding his own. In speech he is quick and impulsive, and this trait often leads him to give direct orders to servants and others of his household, instead of waiting to put the somewhat complicated machinery of his establishment into motion. When not engaged in conversation the Prince of Wales wears a thoughtful expression, but the charming smile he assumes when he speaks to friends quickly dissipates this.

One particularly notable and noble attribute is his: he has never been known to bear a grudge, or to do the proverbial ill turn to anybody. He possesses to an extraordinary extent the truly Royal attribute of never forgetting a face, a name, or the tastes and habits of the person to whom they belong. He has never been known to blunder, as so many others do, by making inquiries after a daughter who may be dead or a son who may have gone to the bad. Keen to inquire about the affairs of people in whom he takes an interest, he never puts to an ill use any information that may be given him, and even the most trivial gossip that is brought

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to his ears is regarded by him as entirely sacred from repetition or public comment.

It is difficult to say whether the Prince is at his best among the people or in society. Those of the humbler classes who have come in contact with His Royal Highness are invariably brought to regard him with the deepest affection and respect. They feel, when they are talking to him, that they are laying their troubles before a man who is absolutely sympathetic, and genuinely anxious to alleviate them. It has been the Prince's lot to receive many scores of deputations of workingmen, and he will show their representatives as much courtesy as he would an assembly of crowned heads. He makes it a rule to enter fully into the subjects of such addresses, and frequently by his influence will achieve for a little band of workers the end that they themselves are unable to bring about. When this is impossible, he will assure them in the kindest way that their wishes have his fullest sympathy, and that he will see them again at any time. More than once the excellent advice that he has given the working classes has proved of infinite use and advantage to them.

In fact, the Prince of Wales is what old-fash-

The Prince of Wales

ioned politicians would have called a Whig, for he appreciates and encourages to the full any efforts that the lower classes make toward self-improvement and self-government.

At a festival dinner in aid of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association, at which the Prince once took the chair, he stated his belief that cabmen are, as a body, a most honest and hard-working set of men, and that he considered the attacks so frequently made on them by an unthinking public unreasonable and untrue. The Prince backed up his opinion by telling a story of a gentleman who, having been driven to a shop where he had some difference with the shopman, walked away, leaving behind him a box containing £2,000 worth of jewelry. The shopman, who had been annoyed by the argument, tossed the jewel case into the waiting cab. The Prince did not comment on the temptation that such a chance must have been to a man who works hard for his daily bread, but he ended up his story by saying that the cabman drove straight to Scotland Yard and deposited the jewels at the Lost Property Office.

On another occasion the Prince not only commended the manner in which the Metropolitan

The Prince and the People

Police perform their delicate and arduous duties, but indorsed his opinion by subscribing largely to a fund that was being raised for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Sir Edmund Henderson, who was retiring from the office of Chief of the Police in consequence of very sharp and, as the Prince obviously thought, undeserved criticism from high quarters.

Whenever the Prince is occupied in laying foundation stones, opening hospitals, or in other public ceremonies, which he always performs with the greatest good will, his first thought is for the people, who always assemble in thousands to give him a loyal and hearty welcome. Over and over again these ceremonials have taken place under conditions of heavy rain and bitter cold, but the Prince will never, if he can help it, disappoint the subjects of the Queen. Once, when he was at York, an enormous crowd gathered to welcome him and his family. A terrible storm broke just as the Royal procession through the city began, but the Prince, in order that the people should not suffer further disappointment, stood up in the carriage bare-headed in the midst of a tropical downpour. On another occasion he and the Princess ordered their

The Prince of Wales

carriage to be opened and to be driven slowly along the crowded streets, though a storm of great violence was raging.

By the people on his own estate, and by the members of his household, the Prince is positively adored. He goes among the country people in the simplest possible way, and many are the quaint tales, full of unconscious familiarity, that the worthy Norfolk folk tell of him. In his early days at Sandringham, a man called Pooley, who was a great character in the neighbourhood, vastly amused the Prince by his odd methods of speech. Pooley was a well-known dealer in wild ducks, which, when they came through his hands, were always of the best and plumpest. The Prince, seeing him one day by chance, said to him, according to Pooley's own version of the conversation, "Pooley, hey yer got any wild ducks to-day?" "No, yer Royal Highness," says I, "I ain't." "I'm sorry for that, Pooley," says he, "for if yer had I'd bought some on yer."

But if the Prince is lenient with the social shortcomings of those from whom he does not expect better knowledge, he can become very Royal when any undue familiarity is attempted by people who

The Prince and the People

should by birth and education be observers of etiquette. He once had occasion to snub a country Town Clerk of pronounced Radical tendencies, who afterward frankly admitted his fault, saying, "I felt I was before the Majesty of England." Now and again people who consider that they have effected an intimate friendship with the Prince of Wales receive a very serious check and a lesson they are not likely to forget, for, however much of a good fellow and a kind friend His Royal Highness may be, he never forgets or allows those about him to forget that he is a prince of the blood Royal, and heir to the throne of the greatest kingdom in the world. John Bright fully appreciated the Prince's position when he said: "Consider how great he is; not Cæsar, not the crowned Macedonian, reigned over so wide an empire as that which he will be one day called to rule."

It was this sense of what is due to his personal dignity that induced the Prince of Wales, who is generally the most good-natured of men, to resent an attempt made by the committee of an upstart Cock and Hen Club to use his name as an advertisement for their venture, and to publish in the press the fact that the Prince of Wales would attend the

The Prince of Wales

inaugural entertainment of the club. The advertisement of the Prince's patronage was so widely published, and he was so obviously being made use of as a stalking horse, that he abandoned whatever idea he may have had of patronizing the venture, and when the new club opened with a great flourish of trumpets, and a large assemblage of musical and theatrical folk, a letter from the Prince's private secretary was found posted in the hall, stating in very short terms His Royal Highness's inability to be present.

On the contrary, the Marlborough Club, which is in Pall Mall almost opposite the gates of Marlborough House, received from the first the fullest support and encouragement from the Prince, even though it was not directly founded by him. At the time this new club was opened, the famous "White's" in St. James's Street, of which the Prince of Wales was a member, as George IV and William IV had been before him, was rent asunder on the question as to whether smoking should or should not be permitted in the club outside the very narrow limits of the smoking room. The older members of the club were against any alteration of the standing rules, but the younger men,

The Prince and the People

among whom was the Prince of Wales, were naturally anxious to have more scope and comfort for their enjoyment of the fragrant weed. The Prince, from his position, was unable to take any active part in the controversy, but when the influence of the older members prevailed, and smoking was practically "taboo" at White's, the Prince took a keen interest in the formation of the Marlborough Club, where it is permitted, by his special wish, to smoke all over the house, the dining room alone excepted. Not unnaturally, the Prince considers that his nomination and support of any candidate for election at a club should be sufficient to insure election. He was therefore not best pleased when the "Travelers" saw fit to blackball a would-be member who had received his support, and he at once withdrew his name from its list of members.

These little stories illustrate one phase of the Prince's character, yet, though he has been brought up in an atmosphere of Court etiquette and ceremony, he is the first man to disregard petty regulations. When Frederick Watts, R. A., was painting a portrait of the Prince that now hangs in the hall of the Inner Temple, His Royal Highness, who became most friendly with the artist, asked in the

The Prince of Wales

course of conversation if he had received an invitation for the Princess's garden party at Chiswick. Watts replied that some years he received a card and some years he did not. The Prince then asked if he would go to the party if a card were sent him. Watts, whose artistic temperament never submitted to the conventionalities of society, replied that he feared he could not go, as he had no top hat. Whereupon the Prince, with much amusement, cried: "What does that matter? Come without one!"

In fact, although the Prince demands observance of etiquette from others, he, like the Queen, is sufficiently great to brush aside on occasions the hard-and-fast rules of Court customs and observances. When he went to India, there was at first much talk as to the position he would take in State processions with regard to Lord Northbrook, who, as the Viceroy and the Queen's representative, practically assumed the dignity due to a crowned head. Both in England and India there was considerable doubt in official circles as to how the Prince would comport himself under these circumstances. But any anticipations there might have been of argument and difficulty were at once put a

The Prince and the People

stop to by the Prince's good sense, for he is most punctilious in paying all due respect and honour to the Crown.

Some years later a similar illustration of proper precedence was given at Paddington Station, when the Queen was travelling from London to Windsor, accompanied by her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick. On reaching the door of her saloon carriage the Queen motioned the Empress to enter before her. The Empress Frederick, who was the daughter of the Queen before she was the widow of an Emperor, laughingly refused, and wished to take the place she had always held, and to follow her mother. But the Queen absolutely refused to enter the carriage first, and the Empress was obliged to give way.

There are occasions on which the Prince, out of sheer goodness of heart, has waived etiquette altogether. He was once at Nice, and travelled back by the last train to Cannes. Every seat was taken, and there were still two English ladies left standing on the platform without places. They were naturally in some distress, when a gentleman approached them with a message that the Prince of Wales would be only too pleased to give them

The Prince of Wales

seats in his compartment. On another occasion, when the Prince made his first State visit to Ireland for the purpose of opening the International Exhibition at Dublin, the crowds were enormous, and many people were unable to obtain a view of the royal party. Suddenly a young Irish lady, mounted on a fine horse, dashed through the crowd, forced her way past the mounted escort, and rode right up to the carriage, saying, "Now that I have seen the Prince I shall go home quite happy." So far from being annoyed at this very daring and unusual act, the Prince raised his hat to the young lady, and gave her a smile that must have rewarded her for all her efforts.

From time to time a certain section of the public have set themselves up as arbiters of the Prince's comings and goings. This does not please the Prince, who considers that he has long ago proved his right to do what he pleases. A notable instance of unwelcome interference with his actions occurred when the Teetotal and Nonconformist parties preached violently against him, and sent monster petitions touching his promise to take the chair at the festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. This unwarrantable interference much an-

The Prince and the People

noyed the Prince, whose reply was both discreet and decisive. He answered those who attacked him, and who declared that by his presence at this festival he was encouraging the vice of drunkenness, by stating that his father before him had presided over meetings of the Licensed Victuallers, and that as his father never patronized an object without inquiry into its worthiness, he himself felt fully justified in following that example, and in lending his support to a great and much-needed charity.

The Prince's popularity is as great in Paris as it is in his own country. There is much truth in what the famous actress Judic once said to His Royal Highness: "You should settle in France, sir, to make Royalty popular here." The Prince's answer was equally true, and exceedingly witty: "*Vous usez vos Rois trop vite dans ce pays.*"

With this proper sense of the dignity of his own position, the Prince has brought up his children in the utmost simplicity, and it is with his assent that the Duke and Duchess of York allow their little ones to make friends among the children of various members of the aristocracy. A tea party in the nurseries of York House is a common event, and

The Prince of Wales

the little Princes and the baby Princess squabble and fight with future Dukes and Marquises over picture books and tin soldiers. One little scion of nobility, whom it pleased his mother to dress in the embroideries and laces of a baby until he was nearly four years old, one day got a rare drubbing from little Prince Edward of York, who, on being introduced to his befrilled and beribboned guest, promptly knocked him down, exclaiming that he didn't want to play with *girls*.

When Prince Eddy was still a lad he happened to go on board the yacht Osborne. From the deck of another yacht the Prince of Wales, to his astonishment, saw the Royal Standard hoisted as his son stepped on board. Being a very consistent man, the Prince, though he laughed at the time at the incident, subsequently reproved his son, telling him that it was merely an accident of birth that made him what he was, and that he had not yet earned the right to be treated as a person of importance.

The Prince's attitude toward France since that country became a republic has often been commented on, but he, being one of the most broad-minded of men, maintains that every country has a

The Prince and the People

right to choose its own form of government. He made this remark once in the presence of Gambetta, who replied: "C'est pourquoi la Royauté restera à l'Angleterre, comme elle serait resté en France si nous avons eu des Souverains comme vous." Afterward, when repeating this conversation to a friend, Gambetta added: "Those English are in constant luck. Their very Princes are fonder of popular liberties than our very Liberals."

CHAPTER II

LIFE AT SANDRINGHAM

WHEN the Prince of Wales is in residence at Sandringham an extra train is run every afternoon from St. Pancras to Wolverton Station. It goes by the name of the "Prince's Special," and by this not only the Royal family but all guests and people travel who have business with their Royal Highnesses. The journey is not a long one, and the invited guest is whirled at the rate of forty-five miles an hour from the dingy environs of North London to the gray-green flats and well-wooded lowlands of Norfolk.

The Prince of Wales showed his usual acumen when he decided that the railway should come no nearer his home than Wolverton, a prosperous little township about two miles from Sandringham Hall. The station, for a country one, is quite smart, and beautifully kept. A large addition to the place was made, nearly twenty years ago, by the Prince him-



SANDRINGHAM PALACE

Life at Sandringham

self, who built a comfortable suite of waiting rooms, which are approached by an imposing covered entrance. The rooms are prettily decorated and well furnished, and are used as luncheon rooms and a harbour of refuge by the Prince and his friends, when a big rabbit shoot is going on in the warrens just outside Wolverton.

Well-horsed station omnibuses, carriages, and luggage fourgons meet the "Prince's Special" whenever guests are expected by it. The drive from the station to the Hall is through a charming country, which recalls the more sheltered parts of Scotland.

The characteristic appearance of extreme flatness which prevails along the whole of the Norfolk coast is well broken by plantations of pines, firs, and hardy shrubs, round which cluster patches of heather and gorse. The road quickly strikes the boundary wall of the estate, which it follows, and the invited guest, as he is whirled along, catches peeps of quaintly gabled roofs and twisted chimneys among the thickly growing trees, and, as he nears the house, of the gray spire of St. Mary Magdalene.

The principal entrance to the grounds is

The Prince of Wales

through the famous Norwich gates, a splendid specimen of wrought-iron work, which were exhibited by Barnard of Norwich at the great Exhibition of 1862, and were presented by the county to the Prince of Wales soon after the Sandringham estate was purchased in 1861.

These fine gates are surmounted by the Prince of Wales's feathers and a golden crown, while griffins in bronzed iron are designed to support shields on which are emblazoned the various arms which the Prince is entitled to bear. The scheme of decoration is further carried out in delicate tracery of the national emblems, twined among climbing vine leaves. The keynote of the Prince's life in the country, and of the simplicity and homeliness that prevail at Sandringham Hall, is at once struck by the appearance of a single policeman, who is the sole guard of the person and property of the Heir Apparent to the Throne. A comfortable lodge nestles among the clumps of evergreens.

The carriages dash up the avenue, which is arranged in the same manner as that at Osborne, with a sharp turn in it that successfully hides all view of the house from the road. The only bit of building that is seen is the end of the wing that was added

Life at Sandringham

to the house after the great fire some years back. This is surmounted by a tall tower containing the clock, that was erected by the Prince's tradespeople in the neighbourhood as a special memorial to the late Duke of Clarence. A few minutes bring the visitor to the east front of the house itself, when it is seen that the Hall is built of handsome red brick, with stone dressings. Everywhere are large windows, set in well-designed stone mullions, and giving a great sense of light and air. The house is certainly not very pretty, for the Elizabethan style in which it is designed has been rather crudely modernized, but it is intensely comfortable-looking. The added wing, which contains the new ballroom and some dozen bedrooms above, goes by the name of the "Bachelors' Wing." It stands at right angles to the house itself, and this has rather a pretty effect.

Above the porch is a legend which says, "This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of Our Lord 1870." The house was purchased from Mr. Spencer Cowper for £220,000, which had been amassed by the careful management of the Prince Consort out of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. Mr.

The Prince of Wales

Cowper, whose wife was the widow of the celebrated Count d'Orsay, had allowed the place to fall into sad disrepair, and during the first few years of the Prince's married life enormous sums of money were spent in efforts to restore the estate and the house on it to something like order. The Queen sent her own land-steward from Osborne to oversee the rebuilding of the farms and of the cottages, which were carefully improved on plans used in former years by the Prince Consort. The mansion, however, proved past all repair, and, as the legend on the wall says, the house was practically rebuilt in 1870.

But before anything was done to his own residence, the Prince himself saw that every cottage and farm on the estate was either rebuilt or repaired, while he made it a *sine qua non* that their cattle and horses should be lodged as well as, if not better than, the tenants themselves. His active supervision frequently led to most amusing scenes, and when the question of the rebuilding of Appleton Hall arose he caused considerable confusion to the then occupants by dashing into the house and up steep staircases and ladders to the rooms they occupied, looking into every cupboard, sur-

Life at Sandringham

veying the roof and the cellars in the most business-like and thorough manner, and with an entire lack of ceremony that speedily put his new tenants at their ease.

From the first the Prince of Wales determined that Sandringham should be his home in the real English sense of the word. He established at once the most cordial relations with his neighbours and tenants, gentle and simple alike. His daily life is practically that of an ordinary country gentleman, though it must never be forgotten that he takes upon himself every responsibility in connection with his large estate, and with the people who live upon it. If his life in Norfolk is simple and less tied by etiquette than in London, his personal responsibilities are greater, and are never shirked. The Prince is practically his own agent, and nothing happens on the estate without his hearing and inquiring about it. The Prince speedily became very much attached to Sandringham, although it was said of the place that much had happened there that had been trying and sad, and although, strangely enough, the house had the reputation of bringing ill luck to its owners.

Whatever thoughts may be conjured up by the

The Prince of Wales

outward appearance of this charming country house are speedily dispelled when the visitor passes beneath the porch into the entrance, and, turning straight to the left, enters what is known as the saloon, a great apartment, half hall, half living room, where family and guests meet for work and music, for tea and talk. The first impression of this fine apartment is that of oak, the ceiling being of beams crossed and recrossed, the dado of carved oak panels, and the end of the room charmingly broken by several light high arches. The walls are also of oak, but of these little is seen, as they are covered with pictures and sketches of all sorts. The floor is polished, and covered with rugs, which lie beneath a marvellous collection of lounges and chairs of all kinds, many of them covered with needlework done by the Princesses, a fine grand piano, screens, groups of palms, stands of flowers, and two small bronze cannons, one called "Eugénie" and the other "Louis Napoleon," which were given to the Prince by the late Emperor of the French.

The pictures on the walls are most interesting, being intimately connected with the family life of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Two oil paint-

Life at Sandringham

ings, dated 1863, show two of the Danish Palaces. Sir Edwin Landseer is represented by a picture of Dunrobin, painted in 1866, when the Prince visited his great friend, the late Duke of Sutherland. M. Zichy has painted an excellent portrait group of the Prince and Princess and their children at tea, as well as several pictures of Highland life, including deer-stalking and dancing by torchlight. There are excellent portraits of the Kings of Spain and Denmark, a picture of Sir Edwin Landseer and his dog, a drawing of the "Serapis at Sea," when the Prince was *en route* for India, several memories of the Prince shooting, riding, and driving, and pictures by the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and other relations.

Sandringham Hall is decorated on all sides with trophies of magnificent arms. Some of the finest, which show beautiful inlaid work of gold and silver, are arranged in the saloon, as well as an interesting collection of weapons taken from the fields of Gravelotte, which the Prince made when he visited the battlefields of the Franco-German War in 1871. On sundry tables, under glass cases, stand caskets of gold and silver containing addresses which have been presented to the Prince from time to time.

The Prince of Wales

There is also the hoof of "Eclipse," the great race horse, innumerable pieces of silver, and curios from India, Egypt, and Turkey, the whole making up a delightful assortment of homelike treasures. Here the Prince cordially welcomes his guests, who presently make for the wide corridor, which is lined on either side with glass-covered cases filled with arms of all countries; this leads to the main staircase, on the wall of which hangs a speaking likeness of the Princess in riding costume. Before turning to the Visitors' Rooms, the schoolroom, where the young princes were educated under the care of Dr. Dalton, is passed. If the visitor is a lady, she is accommodated with one of the many charming suites of rooms on the first and second floors of the house. A bachelor is generally housed in the new wing. In every case refreshment is served on arrival in the guests' apartments, while their servants make arrangements for dressing for eight-o'clock dinner, which, according to Sandringham clocks (always kept half an hour fast), is served at 8.30.

The dining room itself is of a comfortable size. Its great fireplace gives promise of ample warmth, while the high oak roof makes for coolness and plenty of air. The wainscotting and furniture are



DINING ROOM, SANDRINGHAM PALACE

Life at Sandringham

of oak, finely carved, while the floor, like those of the other reception rooms, is highly polished. The walls are panelled with fine tapestry, given by the late King of Spain to the Prince, and set in simple gilt moulding. This tapestry was nearly ruined by water when the destructive Sandringham fire took place, but, being cleverly dried and cleaned, it was, to the Prince's great delight, found to be intact. Where there is no tapestry, there are good pictures. One is a beautiful Landseer, called "Mare and Foal." There are also a portrait of the Prince in the Colonel's uniform of the Tenth Hussars, and good likenesses of the Empress Frederick and her husband, when they were Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. The chairs are entirely covered with blue leather, slightly touched with gold. The principal piece of furniture is the sideboard, which is built into an alcove, and which, when covered with the gold and silver racing and yachting cups won by the Prince, presents a very imposing sight. The table is narrow for its length, and oval at each end. The Prince has a great objection to any form of high decoration, and though candelabra are set at frequent intervals, the flowers and the rest of the plate are always kept very low.

The Prince of Wales

The Prince and Princess do not take the head and foot of the table, but sit facing each other at its centre.

After dinner the party go to the drawing room, passing through a large anteroom, which is decorated largely with tiger skins, tusks, and stuffed victims to the Prince's prowess as a mighty hunter. The drawing rooms at Sandringham occupy the west side of the house, and from the windows there is a beautiful view over the lake to the Rockeries and the Park. The big drawing room is very French in colouring, being pale blue and pink, cream and gold, with a charming painted ceiling. The hangings are of dull gold silk. The furniture is of pale blue silk brocaded in soft red and gold. For everyday wear pretty chintzes hide the silk upholstery. The principal object in the room is a great centrepiece formed from palms and flowering plants, set in rockwork, and surrounding a fine group of "Venus and Cupid." The angles of the room are broken with palms reflected in several large mirrors, set like panels from floor to ceiling here and there. There is a wonderful quantity of china, the most important of which is the Sèvres and Dresden in the drawing room. The bulk of it

Life at Sandringham

is cleverly arranged on a series of shelves, built across the face of a looking-glass after a design that the Prince thought out. One striking feature in the room is the tall screen of deep crimson silk, on which hang three delightful autotype portraits of the Prince's daughters. There are many scores of photographs, in every kind of frame, scattered about the drawing rooms, for the Prince and Princess have a truly Royal fancy for liking to see their friends' faces always about them.

A delightful addition to the drawing room is the conservatory, which is reached from the centre windows. It is of a simple bow shape, and is furnished with mattings and ample basket-work chairs. Tea is often served here, under the shadow of the palms, and in winter evenings it is a popular smoking room. It is relieved from the commonplace by a charming group of "Girls Bathing" and a beautifully posed life-size white swan.

If the invited guest was so lucky as to be bidden to one of the three annual balls which took place before the Duke of Clarence's death, he would find the great ballroom in the new wing gaily lit up after dinner, and the whole house in as great a ferment of

The Prince of Wales

excitement as though the Royal host and hostess were the simplest people in the world.

For many years the Sandringham balls, which were given respectively to the County, the Farmers, and the Servants, were held in the saloon; but the Prince's hospitality outgrew the accommodation, and the great ballroom was added. Built from the designs of the well-known architect, Colonel Edis, it is a finely proportioned room, with large bay windows at either end and along one side; the other being occupied by a handsome fireplace, set in a deep alcove. The dado is, like those in the rest of the house, of carved wood, and between the windows are comfortable lounges for the lookers-on and sitters out. The walls are painted in panels of a pale colour, and are decorated here and there with shields and weapons collected by the Prince in the East. At one end is a gallery for the orchestra, which, with his extraordinary energy, the Prince invariably keeps hard at work the whole time.

A Sandringham ball is always opened with a quadrille, in which the Royalties and the house party, who have been receiving the principal guests in the drawing room, and who walk from thence in procession to the ballroom, take the leading part.

Life at Sandringham

The Prince and the Princess always take the top and bottom, and the sides are filled by people staying in the house, and any of their neighbours and tenants whom they may ask to join in. The Prince is a most energetic partner, and always "dances to the tune," as he himself expresses it. Sitting out is at a discount in the Sandringham ballroom, and every one, old and young, is expected to dance, not only "squares" and "rounds" but Highland flings, jigs, country dances, Sir Roger, and the "Triumph," a boisterous measure which is immensely popular with His Royal Highness.

Dancing over, an adjournment is made by the Prince to the billiard and smoking rooms. The smoking room is reached through the corridor, which repays inspection, as it is a veritable armory, and leads on to the bowling alley, which was built a few years ago by the Prince, after the best American models. It is a long, narrow apartment, with good light from the roof. The sunken floor is surrounded by comfortable seats, where the ladies of the party sit to watch the game. The Prince is devoted to bowls, and both before dinner and at the end of the evening likes to have a game. So far, indeed, does the Prince carry his affection for this

The Prince of Wales

sport that the moment midnight strikes on Sunday he always repairs to the bowling alley, and plays for an hour before going to bed. On one occasion a popular preacher with a tender conscience had been invited to Sandringham from Saturday to Monday, for the purpose of preaching the sermon at St. Mary Magdalene at morning service. As the hour for the usual game of bowls approached on Sunday night the worthy gentleman was induced to retire to rest, as it was thought his susceptibilities might be shocked by the knowledge that bowls was played so near the Sabbath. The next morning, however, at breakfast, the little plot was inadvertently betrayed by a fellow-guest, who said to him: "You were a lucky man to get off so well last night. They got me into the bowling room and kept me there till four o'clock in the morning!"

Parallel with the bowling alley is the billiard room, where the best of tables and every requisite of the game are to be found. Sporting sketches, many of them by Leech, are on the walls, and, being a comfortable apartment, it is most popular in the long winter evenings.

As may be guessed, bedtime is a movable feast

Life at Sandringham

at Sandringham, but, save under exceptional circumstances, it is not very late, for the Prince when in the country is keen on early rising, and frequently does half a day's work before his guests are served with their first cup of tea.

CHAPTER III

THE PRINCE IN THE COUNTRY

THE breakfast hour at Sandringham is half past nine, and places are set at round tables for six or eight people. The Prince of Wales has wisely arranged that as a rule neither he nor any members of his family appear at this meal, which they take in their own apartments. This provides for everybody's convenience, as all are not such early risers as the Prince. Unless shooting is afoot, breakfast is not hurried over, but in the event of a hard day's work with the guns, the hour for assembling is fixed overnight, and the sportsmen are expected to be ready, and waiting at the rendezvous, by the time His Royal Highness appears.

During the spring and summer months the days at Sandringham are delightful to any one who takes interest in a charming country beautifully kept, high farming, and well-bred stock. Breakfast over, the Prince's more intimate friends adjourn for a

The Prince in the Country

little while to the library, a room on the right of the entrance hall.

Meanwhile the owner of Sandringham has all the cares of his estate upon him. Every morning he spends at least an hour in a small business room just off the saloon. Here, in company with the Comptroller of his Household, and his secretary, Sir Francis Knollys, the Prince receives reports of all kinds. Mr. Jackson, the head gamekeeper, has a word to say about the hatching out or rearing of young pheasants. The stock keepers give advice as to what should be fattened for show and what should be killed. One man has heard of new machinery, another reports on the advisability of building more glass houses. Every detail of the management of the estate is laid before His Royal Highness, and is duly considered, weighed, and commented upon. No complaint is neglected and no reasonable request refused. The room in which all this work takes place is severely plain, with its writing tables and desks, and half a dozen chairs. The walls are simply painted, and their surface is only broken by a few portraits and Vanity Fair caricatures, the most striking being a sketch of the Prince's old racing friend, Admiral Rous.

The Prince of Wales

While the gentlemen of the party are waiting in the library and saloon for the Prince, the Princess sends for any lady who may be on terms of intimate friendship with her. The Princess's boudoir is on the first floor, and close to the bay-window bedroom, papered in blue and white and open to the fresh Norfolk breezes, where years ago the Prince lay at death's door, and where there still is in the ceiling the hook to which a pulley was attached, which he used during his long convalescence to raise and lower himself in the big blue and white bed just below. Beyond this bedroom is the Princess's dressing room, large and airy, and simply arranged. A number of singing birds are always here, and at one time the famous "Cocky" alternated between this dressing room and the big saloon. Here also flew about at will a beautiful blue pigeon of which the Princess was very fond. The boudoir itself is pretty, homelike, and marvellously full of the many odds and ends that indicate the life of an active woman. The general impression of the room is a tender pink, but the walls are covered with sketches in pencil, crayon, and water colour, and favourite engravings hang on every side, shouldered by brackets full of china. The multi-

The Prince in the Country

tude of photographs is bewildering, for they stand in crowds on the tables that are further filled with books and music, drawing materials, needlework, correspondence from relations and friends, and the many pretty trifles that have been given to the Princess, often by very humble folk, which are prized by her less for their own sake than for the love that prompted them.

If the Princess is not seeing her friends in her boudoir, she often spends the early hours in the morning room, a delightful, sunny apartment overlooking the gardens, which is used almost exclusively by the family. Here again is a quantity of china and quaint pottery, while a huge writing table, which stands in a deep bay window and is partly screened from the rest of the room, denotes that much private correspondence is despatched in this homely corner. The chief charm of this room is a series of sketches by many of the most famous artists of the day, depicting deer-stalking scenes in the Highlands. Millais, Leighton, and others no less famous, have contributed to this little gallery.

When the morning is well aired, the Prince, in knickerbockers, thick boots, and smoking a large cigar, starts out with such guests as care to accom-

The Prince of Wales

pany him on his daily round. The first thing that strikes the eye on leaving the house is the extreme beauty of the gardens, especially when it is remembered that much of the land about Sandringham was, when the Prince bought the estate, in a most neglected state; perseverance and clever gardening have done wonders, and the terrace that runs along the western side of the house, the beautiful lawns, and the artistically arranged clumps of flowering shrubs and evergreens are ample evidences of the Prince's taste.

Below the terrace is an Italian garden, but without the formality of stiff ribbon bordering, to which all the Royal family have a great dislike. Beyond this lies the lake, a fine expanse of water, which the Prince, a few years ago, supplemented with another, dug out in the Park; the two are connected by a small stream, and well stocked with black bass. The Prince then shows with some pride a charming rockery and waterfall, which, with its rustic bridges, miniature caves, and water-sprayed ferns, forms a cool and pleasant retreat on a hot summer day. Near by is the Alpine Garden, a favourite nook of the young Princesses; it is wild and characteristic, and one blaze of flowers. Nearer the house is an

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avenue of trees of considerable interest, for every one of them has been planted either by a member of the Royal family or by some person of note. Each tree is labelled, and in years to come this avenue will form a memorial of the long list of guests who, year in and year out, are bidden to share the hospitality of the most genial Prince the world has ever seen.

The fruit and kitchen gardens, as well as an immense quantity of glass, lie at some distance from the house. The newest appliances are used here, and the supply of fruit and vegetables is abundant and good, though sometimes, if the Prince is entertaining a guest of great importance, the famous Frogmore gardens contribute a choice show of fruit.

Before leaving the vicinity of the Hall, and turning to the beautiful avenue of lime trees and the stables and kennels, visitors are always shown an interesting Chinese joss house. This genuine specimen of fine metal work was brought by Admiral Sir Henry Keppel from China some years ago, and presented by him to the Prince, with a pair of most extraordinary Japanese lions, carved with considerable skill from huge blocks of granite. When these Eastern curiosities have been duly ad-

The Prince of Wales

mired, the business of the morning commences in earnest, and the Prince leads his party to the plantations on the right, which hide from the windows of the house the coach-houses and the stables. These are admirably arranged on the system of courts brought to such perfection at Windsor and Buckingham Palace by the late Prince Consort. They are built round a great square courtyard, the right of which is known as the harness side, and the left as the saddle side, the horses being used respectively for driving and riding. There are about sixty stalls, which are nearly always full, as the Prince frequently has his race horses over to Sandringham, when they are taken out of training.

The stalls and loose boxes are built on the most sanitary principles, and are both lofty and airy. From the horses that are shown the guest will gather that the Prince affects those that come from Hungary. A magnificent team of dark-brown Hungarian horses draw the big family wagonette, which is so well known in the Norfolk roads as the favourite vehicle for conveying the family to flower shows and fêtes, picnics and school feasts. These horses are generally harnessed with the picturesque trappings of black and red with long black tassels

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used in Hungary. Another team frequently draws a big *char-à-banc*, which was purchased from the late Emperor Napoleon. Postilions are generally used when four horses are taken out. A great pet, which always comes in for much notice from the Prince, is his shooting pony, a sturdy, well-built animal. On the saddle side are the ponies of the young Princesses, and the horse used by the late Duke of Clarence.

In former days the Prince's children liked nothing so well as taking their mounts out into the Park and riding races. They all had fine seats, but the Duke of Clarence and Princess Maud were exceptionally good riders. Princess Maud shares with the Princess of Wales the reputation of being a first-class whip. The Princess of Wales has two or three carts of her own; one is known as the "Blues' Cart," its cushions being of Guards' colours, blue edged with red. Another is a basketwork Ralli car, in which either she or one of her daughters frequently drives tandem. The coach-house also shelters many kinds of carriages, several graceful sledges, an interesting specimen of a Canadian cart, and a very beautiful rickshaw of the finest Japanese lacquer.

The Prince of Wales

The Prince is pardonably proud of the saddle room, which is quite a museum of interesting and historical objects. There are a number of very good oil pictures of dead and gone horses. Among them is "Victoria," a bay mare which was almost the first present given by the Queen to the Princess of Wales. Several old sporting prints, each of considerable value, surround a good collection of portraits of jockeys and their most famous mounts. Below the pictures is a long line of mounted hoofs, and a comprehensive collection of bits of Arabian, Persian, Indian, and Chinese work. An Australian buck-jumper's saddle displays some beautifully embossed leather work on the flanks, and a set of Mexican harness with silver mounts and innumerable tassels, such as is used on gala occasions, is remarkable for its beauty.

Through the stables to the kennels is but a few yards, and here the arrival of the Royal party is the signal for an outburst of barking from nearly a hundred dogs. The kennels are well arranged, with inner rooms for sleeping, excellent grass runs, and a perpetual supply of running water. The exercising of these many dogs is also carefully attended to, the larger breeds being taken out every morn-

The Prince in the Country

ing, and the smaller ones in the afternoon, by Brunsdon, a trusted servant of the Prince, who has almost entire charge of all the Sandringham pets. The Prince is not exclusive in his love of dogs, for nearly every breed finds a place in his kennels, and he has a cheery whistle and a kind pat for each canine friend. There are wolf-hounds, Borzios, terriers of all kinds, long- and short-haired Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, Scotch deerhounds, a beautiful white collie, dachshunds, a number of spitz dogs of which all the Princesses are very fond, various setters and pointers, which are taken to Scotland whenever the Prince goes there, several Esquimaux sledge dogs, and of course the famous original Chow dogs, that the Princess has bred so successfully. Out of these numbers, however, the Prince and his family have their special favourites. For years His Royal Highness never moved without "Bobèche," a French poodle, which he took with him to India, as well as "Flossie," another great pet. After the Duke of Clarence's death the Prince added "Vennie," his son's dog, to his train, and a later favourite still is "Peter," a French bulldog. He is also devoted to rough basset hounds; the original pair, "Babil" and "Bijou," were presented to him

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by the Comtesse de Paris. The Princess, on the other hand, affects smooth bassets, and takes prizes for those she has bred whenever she shows them. Her Royal Highness, who seldom travels without two or three dogs, has lately made great pets of some quaint little Japanese spaniels, and "Punchie" and "Billie" are well known to all her friends. "Facey" has been immortalized in Luke Fildes's lovely picture of the Princess. Fox terriers, which Princess Maud prefers to other dogs, are also successfully bred in the Sandringham kennels.

From the kennels the move is made to one or both of the two farms which the Prince has kept for his own use, and where he has his Booth shorthorns and his celebrated South Down sheep. The Prince has also been very successful with Devons, while a number of Alderneys are kept for dairy purposes. These home farms cover nearly a dozen acres, many of which have been reclaimed, foot by foot, from the seashore near Wolverton. Wherever this has been done, pine trees and shrubberies have been planted, with the view of protecting the cattle and the land from the keen east winds which so often blow on the Norfolk coast. The Prince has a great sale of his famous stock every four years,

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when a large party of gentlemen is put up at Sandringham.

The Prince's estate is famous for a fine breed of pigs, known as "Improved Norfolks," and when he started on his Indian tour he took out some of these animals on the "Serapis," as a present to his brother-in-law, the King of Greece. An old Norfolk countryman was put in charge of the pigs and some cattle, and his account of his visit to King George, and his opinion of the country over which he reigned, entertained the Royal family much when this village worthy returned. He gave it as his opinion that "His Majesty were a very nice-spoken gentleman, and were very pleased with the pigs; but," he added, "I wouldn't care to live in them parts myself." He also told the Princess of Wales, to her great amusement, that "the King sent his love to them all."

The general survey of the estate and the animals being over, a return is made to the Hall for luncheon, which is also served at round tables, but at which meal the Prince and his family very seldom appear, preferring to lunch alone, and talk over the business of the morning and the plans for the afternoon. These often comprise the opening of a ba-

The Prince of Wales

zaar, giving prizes at local sports, admiring floral efforts of their neighbours at a flower show, or visiting schools and the many clubs which the Prince has founded and built and won over on his estate, and which have proved of incalculable benefit to his tenants and to others on his property.

Every village now has its schoolhouse, where the children look picturesque in their pretty costumes of red and blue that the Princess arranged, and where at any moment the Prince or Princess may call to hear the singing or the reading, or perhaps to examine a class on some particular subject. The workingmen's clubs, for which all who are over fourteen are eligible, have long been the Prince's special pride and care. In each village he has built a picturesque clubhouse, with a billiard room and comfortable reading rooms supplied with books, papers, and writing materials, and there a man may have as much good beer to drink as is well for him, though he may not waste either his substance or his health. The regulations, which were based upon the principles of Dr. Arnold's system, are not many, but they are strictly enforced, and it would be well that those who some years ago deluged the Prince with violently worded petitions,

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imploring him not to attend the dinner of the Licensed Victuallers, should know that on the Prince's estate there is no such thing as a public house, and that drunkenness is absolutely unknown. During an afternoon walk the Prince often drops in at one of these clubs, talks to the men, and plays a game of billiards. This has always been His Royal Highness's method of getting at the affections and the requirements of his people, and it is small wonder that under such a landlord the Sandringham estate is a model of what an English property should be.

The Prince early decided that where a large establishment of over a hundred servants is kept there must necessarily be the risk of illness. He accordingly fitted up a large, airy farmhouse as a hospital, with suitable kitchens. To this charming spot is sent any ailing servant, whether employed on indoor or outdoor labour, and the best available doctoring, nursing, and food conduce to a speedy recovery.

Should the Prince have an absolutely free afternoon, he likes best to take his guests farther afield over the estate, passing as he goes by York Cottage, which for many years was called the Bachelors'

The Prince of Wales

Cottage. It was here that Prince Eddy with his tutors and one or two friends, chosen from among his fellow-midshipmen on the "Bacchante," was prepared for his entrance to Cambridge University. After that, this most cosy little abode was fitted up entirely for the use of bachelor guests. When the Duke of York married, the Prince gave his son the choice between Appleton Hall and the Bachelors' Cottage as a country residence. We know that the latter was chosen, and that the little house was at once enlarged and redecorated. With an increasing family further improvements soon became necessary. A billiard room was built, as one of the Princesses says, "at the end of all things," a new dining room was added, and the old dining room transformed into a drawing room. The Duchess of York was thus able to arrange a boudoir next to her bedroom for herself, and contrive a room close at hand for the reception of her guests. Life at York Cottage is of the simplest and plainest. Its occupants always speak of Sandringham Hall as the "House," and with their guests walk up there to dine without any ceremony or formality.

When York Cottage and the bonny grandchildren have been duly inspected, a move may be made



DUKE OF YORK'S COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM

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for Brunsdon's house, near which is a creeper-covered cottage filled with birds. This little spot was originally built as a monkey house, and was occupied by the various monkeys and marmosets that the Prince of Wales and his sons had collected during their travels. About that time, too, the Prince was the proud possessor of a miniature Zoo, for Sandringham boasted a bear pit, some wild pigs, and sundry small elephants, young tigers, kangaroos, and a number of curious wild fowl, which, however, in due time found their way to the larger Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park. Close by the bird house is an aviary full of snow-white doves, presents to the Princess. Brunsdon, the keeper of these feathered treasures, has a charming cottage close at hand, which is filled with all kinds of stuffed pets. Here now lives the Princess's cockatoo "Cocky," who has little left of his feathers but his "topknot." He is devoted to his Royal mistress, and shrieks loudly whenever he sees her or hears her voice.

More interesting to the Prince than the birds are the fine deer, red and fallow, which to the number of over three hundred roam in the glades of Sandringham Park. Great pains have been taken to rival

The Prince of Wales

in beauty the famous herd in Windsor Forest, and it is a source of much gratification to the Prince that he has had such success.

Once outside Sandringham Park itself, Park House comes into view. It was built by the Prince for his Comptroller and old friend, Sir Dighton Probyn, who, in addition to his duties at the Hall, keeps a watchful eye on the Hackney Stud Farm, which is a successful hobby of the Prince. A little beyond Park House are the Alexandra Cottages, beautifully built houses, with gardens and sheds, and every possible comfort, which are let at the rate of £4 a year to labourers on the estate. Other cottages, the Louise and Victoria, lie nearer to West Newton, a delightful village where the Prince spent a great deal of money in restoring the old church, and where he also built a water tower which supplies most of the houses on his estate.

By this time there is talk of tea, a most substantial meal in the Prince's Household, which at the Hall is often served in a charming room upholstered in warm red and dull gold. Places are set all round the long tables, and there is an abundant supply of cakes, hot and cold, sandwiches of all kinds, rolls, and jams; but when the weather is fine

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and the Prince and his guests are in the grounds, the Princess extends the hospitality of her beautiful tea room, which adjoins her own particular dairy. This picturesque little establishment is housed in a Swiss cottage of characteristic design. It contains five rooms, and the dairy itself, lined with beautiful tiles especially made in Bombay, and fitted with the newest appliances, is a picture of fascinating cleanliness. The tea room is just dainty, its principal feature being the china it contains; many of the plates, plaques, and tiles in it have been painted for the Princess by her relations and friends, while other pieces have been given to her, and the collection grows every year. Here the Royal family are quite in their element, cutting up cake and bread and butter, and pouring out tea, and waiting on their guests with that particular charm of manner and easy friendliness which make a visit to Sandringham an event in life to be marked with a white stone.

CHAPTER IV

THE PRINCE AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

IF Sandringham is regarded as the centre of the Prince of Wales's home life, Marlborough House must certainly be reckoned his official residence. It is the scene of much hard work and of many duties both social and political, and it is but natural that the Prince himself and his family should prefer the simple charm and country quiet of their Norfolk home to the stricter etiquette and necessary formalities that surround life in the big, square brick house that Sir Christopher Wren designed and built nearly two hundred years ago.

When the nation and the Crown decided that the services of the great Duke of Marlborough to his country demanded a substantial reward, search was made in the then limited Court quarter of the town for a suitable site on which to erect a mansion where the conqueror of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet could pass the evening of his days in

The Prince at Marlborough House

suitable state and comfort. Whatever any one else may have desired, the masterful Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, quickly decided that she would like her town house to stand in the immediate precincts of St. James's Palace, and she obtained from Queen Anne a fifty years' lease, on wonderfully easy terms, of over four acres of Crown land. The spot had formerly been the pheasantry of St. James's Palace, and over an acre of the property had formed part of the garden occupied by the Right Honourable Henry Boyle, principal Secretary of State to Queen Anne. At the time the lease was granted an old house called the Friary occupied the centre of the thick grove of chestnut trees which then grew in profusion on either side of the Mall. The granting of the property to the Duchess of Marlborough was gazetted on April 18, 1709, and Wren immediately began to build the original Marlborough House, with a centre and two wings of the dull-red brick of the period, ornamented with stone copings and balustrades.

Before the first Duke of Marlborough had lived in his house four years he lent it to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and it is a remarkable coincidence that a house lent to one Prince of Wales

The Prince of Wales

should come in time to be the residence of another. For some years Marlborough House was the scene of many entertainments and much magnificence, till the Duke fell into imbecility, and the Duchess quarrelled with the Queen, and used with her daughters to loll out of the upper windows on levee days in outrageous negligee, to let the fashionable world know that they had "cut the Queen."

First the Duke and then the Duchess of Marlborough died there, after which the history of the house was of no interest, till in 1817 it was bought by the Crown, as a suitable residence for the young Princess Charlotte on her marriage with Prince Leopold.

The Princess died before the purchase was completed, but her husband lived quietly there until he was offered and accepted the Belgian Crown, when the house was again left empty. In 1826 Marlborough House came to be considered something of a white elephant, and as the town began to grow, and the necessity for making new roads arose, there was serious talk of sweeping it and its gardens away, and building a fine street on the site; but the accession of William IV caused a change of plans, and on his death Marlborough House was settled as a



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON

The Prince at Marlborough House

dower house on Queen Adelaide, and was occupied by her until her death in 1849.

After that event the Queen and Prince Consort decided that Marlborough House should become the Prince of Wales's London residence when he was of age and required one. Meanwhile the ground floor was used as a gallery for the Vernon pictures, the upper part being given over to the library and museum of the Department of Practical Art and School of Design, in which the Prince Consort took deep interest. It was here that the funeral car for the great Duke of Wellington was designed, and in the courtyard it was subsequently exhibited to the public.

A few months before the Prince Consort's death Marlborough House was taken in hand and more or less put in order. It was in a shocking condition of neglect; the grounds were overgrown with untrimmed bushes and matted grass, and were filled with broken bottles, dead cats, and refuse of all kinds. The interior of the house was in a like condition of disrepair.

It was while the cleaning and redecorating were going on that Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar informed the Queen that the walls of the grand stair-

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case, the second staircase, and the great saloon were magnificently decorated with fine mural paintings. His information of their existence was speedily confirmed by the removal of a quantity of canvas, paint, and paper with which the frescoes had been plastered over at some unknown period. Mr. Merritt, the famous restorer of paintings of that day, who assisted Sir George Richmond, R. A., to restore the interesting picture of Richard II, found in Westminster Abbey, and Signor Pinti, an Italian artist, succeeded in uncovering the paintings, which occupied a space of over five hundred square yards, and proved to be a series of representations of all Marlborough's battles and sieges. It was discovered that they were painted by Louis Laguerre, an artist who for years had worked under the famous Neapolitan Verrio, and who was responsible for many of the paintings at Hampton Court and in the great mansions throughout England. He was considered such a fine portrait painter that Sir Godfrey Kneller himself asked him to decorate the staircase at his country house at Witton. The portraits of Marlborough and his staff, and the accuracy of the arms and accoutrements, make these pictures of extreme interest.

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The Prince of Wales values them so highly that in 1889, having discovered the original engravings at Windsor, he had them again restored at great expense by Mr. Richards.

In addition to restoring these fresco paintings, the Prince of Wales has from time to time greatly improved Marlborough House, where many additions have been made. There are now over one hundred rooms available for the Prince's establishment, while electric lights and an excellent system of hot-air pipes must be reckoned among recent improvements.

Spacious as the mansion looks, however, there is none too much room for a household which numbers over one hundred persons. The top floor is principally in the occupation of the resident unmarried equerries, the Prince's librarian, Mr. Holzmänn, the three dressers of the Princess of Wales, the Prince's three valets, the house steward, the chief cook and other upper servants, and the pages. Beneath this is what is called the nursery floor, where many years ago a serious fire broke out. On this occasion the Prince and some of his friends, who were hastily sent for from the Marlborough Club opposite, worked with such prompt energy

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that when Captain Shaw arrived with the Fire Brigade he laughingly remarked that he had never seen a house so deluged with water in his life. He also found the Prince black from head to foot, having with his own hands torn up a quantity of burning boards, and having also run the risk of serious injury by falling from a great height across a beam. The Duke of York's old room is here, and next it is the room used by Prince Eddy, which since his lamented death has been kept locked by the Princess, and in the same state as during his lifetime. The rooms of Princesses Victoria and Maud near by are simply and comfortably furnished with bright chintz and pretty pictures. Here, too, Miss Knollys, the dear friend of the Princess of Wales, has a charming bed-sitting room, full of pretty knickknacks, and delightfully furnished in ebony and gold. Mlle. Vauthier, once the Princesses' governess and now Mrs. Johnson, whom with the family love of nicknames her pupils always call "Maddie," also lived on this floor.

The first floor is most spacious and airy. Here there are bedrooms and two sitting rooms for Royal visitors, and the private suites of both the Prince and Princess of Wales.

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An early visitor to the Prince is admitted into the entrance hall at Marlborough House by a Scotch gillie in national dress, and is there met by two scarlet-coated and powdered footmen. His coat and hat are given in charge of the hall porter, a picturesque individual in a short red coat and wearing a broad band of leather across his shoulders. If the visitor is to be granted an immediate audience, one of the pages, who is always in attendance about the Royal apartments, conducts him to the ante-room that gives access to the Prince's private sitting room. The pages, who usually wear the very simple livery of dark-blue coats and black trousers that the quiet taste of the Prince prefers, on great occasions exchange their black trousers for black velvet breeches, silk stockings to match, and gold garters.

Passing upstairs, the visitor is conscious of the flittings of many maids, all in neat uniform, whose business it is to maintain the character of the Prince's residence as the best-kept house in London.

The antechamber, which is used by the Prince for the transaction of purely private business with his tradespeople and those persons who are granted special interviews, is panelled in walnut wood.

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On the walls are hung trophies of swords and guns which the caller may admire at his leisure, till suddenly an unseen door, which is part and parcel of the panelling, is opened. A broad-shouldered figure stands in the centre of the room, a small, plump hand removes a large cigar from a smiling mouth, and a genial voice, with just the least suggestion of a "burr" in it, gives greeting and an invitation to walk into the Prince's private sanctum.

A sense of comfort and taste, though not of extreme luxury, pervades the Prince's immediate surroundings. The walls and the ceiling of his sitting room are panelled in dark wood, and the velvet curtains and the leather upholstery of the numerous chairs form a symphony in dull soft blues, a colour of which the Prince is very fond. The room might be too sombre, but that the two large windows look due north, across the courtyard, to where the roar and rattle of busy Pall Mall roll past the entrance gates.

As the Prince chats and smokes he paces to and fro, now moving to the high writing desk, to which he alone can obtain access with a little gold key he always wears, and where his private correspondence

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is answered and kept; then over to a larger table where books, papers, and memoranda concerning the fixtures for the current day are strewn. While discussing the morning's news the Prince from time to time presses one of the half-dozen knobs set in a movable frame, that communicate with the Comptroller or Private Secretary in their offices below. Sir Dighton Probyn and Sir Francis Knollys answer questions through call-pipes, and messages are constantly being brought and sent, without, however, disturbing in the least "Vennie," the late Prince Eddy's Irish terrier, or "Peter," a well-bred French bulldog, which lie soft and warm on the Oriental carpet, and take the place in the Prince's affection of a green parrot of many attainments.

This delightful snuggerly and work room contains several bijou pictures brightening the polished walls. The panels are further broken by a shelf about five feet from the floor, which runs round the room and is filled, as are sundry brackets, with photographs, a quantity of china, some good bronzes, and quaint ornaments of all kinds. A conspicuous place is given to a beautiful bust of Prince Eddy, and among the crowds of photos are excellent likenesses of the Prince of Wales's daughters.

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By-and-bye the Prince repairs, by way of the anteroom, to his dressing room, which is large and very bright. The view from the two windows, which look west, is quite charming, embracing as it does a peep of the garden, St. James's Park, and the picturesque outline of St. James's Palace. The furniture is very plain, and more for use than ornament. Two ample wardrobes, a spacious dressing table, laden with toilet necessities bearing the Prince's cipher, A. E., and a long couch in front of the fireplace covered with down pillows, are the most striking objects. What little is seen of the walls above the furniture which is placed very closely round the room, shows them to be hung with blue silk, patterned with what is known as "bird's eye."

Suddenly a rustle of skirts is heard outside, followed by the sound of a gentle tap and a sweet voice speaking. Beyond the vision of the Princess's graceful form is seen the short corridor that separates her bedroom and boudoir from the Prince's suite.

In these simple rooms the Prince spends many of the spare hours of his London life, often looking out at the club that is so near his own home, and

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ruminating, perhaps, on the historical past of the street lying almost at his feet.

Pall Mall was once called Catharine Street, out of compliment to the ill-used Queen of Charles II, Catharine of Braganza. It was then shaded by a row of one hundred and fifty tall elm trees. The houses, all built on the south side, had large gardens; the north side was principally occupied by hay fields, and stacks of hay were built where the Junior Carlton Club now stands. At that period the finest mansion on the Mall was Schomberg House, dating from the Commonwealth. Later, the Duke of Schomberg, who came to England with William of Orange, bought the house and greatly improved it. Each successive duke of the line embellished the mansion, the third in particular spending immense sums of money on some wonderful mural paintings by Peter Berchett. Parts of this house, with some of the outer decorations placed there by John Astley, now form a portion of the mass of buildings known as the War Office.

Almost opposite lived Nell Gwynn. The Army and Navy Club now stands on the site of her house, and in the visitors' room there is still a looking-glass that belonged to the frail beauty.

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Later she moved to a residence next Schomberg House, and it is believed that the raised terrace in the gardens of Marlborough House is part of the one originally made by her order.

Another Royal favourite, the famous Mrs. Fitzherbert, had her residence in Pall Mall, in near vicinity to Carlton House, where the Prince Regent had a brilliant court for so many years. This was only pulled down in 1820, when Regent Street and Waterloo Place were being laid out. Relics of Carlton House can now be seen in the Corinthian pillars which form the façade of the National Gallery.

The first Prince of Wales who chose Pall Mall as a place of residence was Frederick, father of George III. He had as a neighbour the famous George Bubb Doddington, who, while he was in favour, had a key to the garden gate of the Royal Domain, and the Prince used to roll him in a blanket and trundle him downstairs, as well as borrow large sums of money from him. The usual fate of Court favourites overtook Doddington, for the Prince of Wales bricked up the garden door, had the locks of his house altered, and cut his former friend whenever he met him.

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"The Star and Garter," a well-known club of the time, also stood in Pall Mall. Here Lord Byron, great-uncle of the poet, killed Mr. Chatworth in a duel. He was afterward tried for murder by his peers, but found guilty of manslaughter only, and released on payment of a fine.

Mrs. Abington, the celebrated beauty and actress, who ran a gambling hell for the great ladies of her time in the various mean lodgings she rented in low parts of the town, also lived and died in the Mall.

Pall Mall was the first thoroughfare in London lit by gas in 1810, by a German named Winsor. A pillory stood in the centre of the road till about 1750, when a woman convicted of a gross breach of morals was placed in it.

Only very intimate friends of the Prince of Wales are ever admitted above the ground floor of Marlborough House, which from time to time has been altered and rearranged under His Royal Highness's supervision. It is noteworthy that whenever it has been necessary to purchase new hangings or carpets, preference has always been given to articles of English manufacture. Most of the silk used has been made at Spitalfields, the larger carpets are all

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Axminster, and the bulk of the furniture has been made in London by English hands.

The saloon, an important feature of Marlborough House, was formerly a vestibule, where in the old days suppliants for ducal patronage used to wait. It is a square of about thirty feet either way, and well lit from above. Over the south entrance runs a gallery that connects the visitors' rooms with the Royal apartments. Underneath it, on either side of the wide doorway, are splendid panels of Gobelin tapestry, presented to the Prince by Napoleon III, and representing some of the best-known scenes from "Don Quixote." The tapestry on the western wall was also a gift from Napoleon, and depicts the Massacre of the Mamelukes in the time of Mehemet Ali. On the east wall is a handsome white marble mantelpiece, surmounted with an overmantel of gilded oak, on which is inscribed the date of the Prince's marriage. The three sides of the saloon corresponding with the gallery are covered with the celebrated frescoes of Laguerre, showing the battle of Blenheim and the murder of Marshal Tallard. The carpet, that in a quaint fashion is laid crookedly, so as not to interfere with the jutting fireplace, was a wedding present.

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It has a large star in the centre which does not quite come under the middle of the dome. A couple of handsome inlaid cabinets, in which the variegated woods are relieved by medallions of carved ivory and ormolu mounts, stand against the north wall. Two very fine lanterns placed at either end of the west wall are supported by brackets formed like semi-nude Egyptian arms. The prevailing note of furniture and hangings is dark blue, relieved by panels and bands of tapestry. Many palms fill the corners, and form delightful backgrounds for bust portraits of the Princess's mother and brother.

What used to be the library has, since the Prince's Eastern tour, been known as the "Indian Room," and is filled with a valuable museum of the rarest and most wonderful Indian work, in gold, silver, jewels, and embroidery of all kinds. It is a popular resort with the Prince, and when the family are comparatively alone it is used as a dining room. The walls are panelled with a soft, wine-coloured figured velvet, the couches and chairs of English oak being covered with gold cloth. These rich colourings serve as an admirable background to the collection of Oriental treasures which are carefully arranged in oak and rosewood cases set all round

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the room. In the five windows stand tables with glass tops filled with gold and silver trowels, presentation keys, medals, and memorials of all kinds. A splendid vase, given by Alexander II, makes an imposing show on its marble pedestal, and across one corner of the room are many silver wedding presents.

The number of richly ornamented swords, scabbards, and daggers in the cases is bewildering, and their value is almost beyond calculation. The rare collection is not, however, confined entirely to weapons. One case is made brilliant by a crown which blazes with jewels. On either side of it hang necklaces of exquisite workmanship. A fly-whisk mounted in gold is most elegant, and a procession of little brass cavalrymen is quaint to a degree. The enamels, for which the province of Jeypoor is so famous, include the largest dish ever made in that kind of work, a beautiful inkstand shaped like a boat, and many smaller examples of the art. A tray of solid gold comes from Mysore, and more of the precious metal has been wrought into scent flasks, boxes, dishes, and drinking vessels. A scabbard of gold is one mass of chased work, while an ivory gunstock has been lavishly deco-

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rated by the carver's hand with boars, lions, and tigers.

Over two of the cases hang a pair of gold-mounted elephant tusks of enormous size and fabulous value. Another pair is arranged above a door. Painted palm leaves and shields are grouped with spears on the velvet walls. There are also a number of quaint idols, and figures of men and animals, placed on the top of the cases. Other dainty relics of the Indian tour are the many delicately worked boxes and cases of pure silver that were given to the Prince, with addresses of welcome in them. A shield, roughly valued at £20,000, is the greatest treasure that this interesting room contains.

When a large dinner is in progress, the state dining room, a magnificent apartment over fifty feet long, is used. It runs north and south, and has a fireplace at either end, which is filled with flowering plants behind a glass fire-screen. The mantelpieces are of dead-white marble supported on each side by draped figures. Over the fireplace at the southern end of the room is a full-length portrait of the Queen after Winterhalter, faced by a picture of Prince Albert by the same artist. Under each picture is a clock with candelabra. Two of the seven

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windows of the room are on either side of Her Majesty's portraits, and opposite them are two doors, above which hang portraits of the late German Emperor and the Dowager Empress, who has painted the pair of flower studies that also grace the walls. Portraits of George I, George II, and George III further enhance the rich effect of the ruby-coloured walls and hangings. The ceiling is white and panelled, and the furniture mahogany, with scarlet leather. A Turkey carpet covers the floor.

The Prince sits in the middle of one side of the table, with his back to the five windows that overlook the east lawn of the garden, and his face to the mahogany sideboard, on which are displayed the gold and silver cups that he has won from time to time. About forty people can dine with comfort in this room, and that is the number usually asked to the Derby Day dinner, which the Prince for some years has given at Marlborough House.

A silver service made by Garrard, the Queen's goldsmith, on the occasion of the Prince's marriage, is used in the big dining room. At the time it was designed it was not the fashion to use flowers as table decorations, and the three great centre pieces, the largest of which is over five feet in

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length, are complete in themselves; but the newer fashion now prevails to some extent, and the Marlborough House dinner table is exquisitely decorated with orchids and other hot-house flowers.

A smaller dining room lies to the north of the large apartment. It properly appertains to the Household, but when a big dinner is given the Household have to dine an hour earlier, so that their room shall be available for the purposes of serving the dinner. A band plays in the room during dinner time, and both there and in the drawing room whist tables are set out when the Prince is giving a man's party.

The large drawing room at Marlborough House is a magnificent apartment, running almost the entire length of the south side. Its general effect is white and gold and pale pink, and is saved from the appearance of vastness by being broken by pillars of white and gold. The floor is of polished oak, and the Axminster carpet that lies in the centre was one of those bought when the Prince was married. Two large fireplaces fully warm the room in winter, and in summer pale blue blinds subdue the glare.

Endless mirrors reflect the electric light which has been cleverly put into the splendid ormolu fit-

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tings that once held gas and candles. Most of the furniture is upholstered in deep red, though the effect of this is broken by draperies of Indian embroidery and a profusion of silk cushions. Two concert grand pianos, made by Broadwood, stand close together, and are often used by the Princess of Wales and her daughter. They are covered with rare embroideries that were used as elephant cloths when the Prince went to India. A beautiful carved screen of Indian design is covered with photographs of the Prince's children, while a Chinese screen of ebony, upholstered in silk and covered with photos of relations, contributes a welcome note of colour. There is an abundance of china, and flowers, photographs, small statuettes, and trinkets of gold, silver, and enamel crowd the many tables. A beautiful service made of Australian gold has a corner all to itself, and there is also a valuable collection of beaten-gold Indian ornaments. The cabinets, which are filled with china, are of the best French period, and are finely inlaid with carved ivory panels. In the spring this room is redolent of lilies of the valley—the Princess's favourite flower—which are sent up daily in abundance from Sandringham.

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Through one of the drawing-room windows direct access to the garden is gained by a short flight of steps. Another flight gives on to a small conservatory, furnished in approved Turkish fashion, which is used as a lounge, tea, or smoking room, and is a great embellishment to the house. From the conservatory steps, on such occasions as when the trained nurses are bidden to spend a happy afternoon among the smooth lawns and shady trees of the gardens, the Prince addresses a few words of counsel and comfort to his guests.

When drinking tea on the big lawn, that is only divided by the terrace walk, a hedge of evergreens, and a narrow strip of railed-in ground from the roadway in St. James's Park, it is difficult to believe that the Prince's house is in the very heart of London. Except Marlborough House itself, with its dull-red brick walls, and the stone medallions on which the well-known triple plumes are carved, no other building is visible, for the evergreen oaks, the elms, and chestnut trees, that were the boasted glory of the "King's Garden" in olden days, still form an impenetrable screen against prying eyes. They also make a harbour of refuge for robins,

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thrushes, wood pigeons, starlings, and many other birds not often seen in London.

The lawns, that practically surround the house on three sides, have been but little cut up. Only a few paths, and here and there beds of brilliant geraniums, break the expanse of green turf. Further colour is given by stone vases filled with gaily flowering plants, and by picturesque bay trees set in painted wooden tubs.

The garden entrance, which opens directly into Marlborough Gate, is flanked by a pair of brass mounted guns, arranged on the "La Hitte" principle. The inscription on them states that they were "taken September 13th, 1883, mounted on the right of the intrenchments, Tel-el-Keber. Presented to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, by Admiral Lord Alcester, G. C. B."

When the summer afternoons are long and warm, the gardens at Marlborough House are often brilliant with smart frocks and gay parasols, while the terrace rings with merry voices and light laughter. The Prince and Princess like nothing so well as receiving a few intimate friends to tea, quite *sans cérémonie*. On these pleasant occasions brightly striped tents, Oriental rugs, and well-cushioned

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garden seats supplement the accommodation afforded by the pretty rustic tea-house, that under the apparent guardianship of a superb stuffed peacock, and furnished with numerous basket chairs and tables, fills a shady corner of the lawn.

Another corner of the grounds is sacred to the memory of four of the Princess's pets, each of which sleeps beneath a tiny tombstone. The late Colonel Oliver Montagu's dog "Boxer"—without which for years he never went anywhere—also lies in the little burial ground.

Except the conservatory already mentioned, there is no glass in the Marlborough House gardens. Such flowers as are needed to fill daily the three hundred vases that are the special care of two men, are supplied by contract by the Prince's London florists, though a certain quantity of blossoms are sent from Sandringham.

Charming and restful as are the gardens of his town house, the Prince has but little time to pass in them. Every one of his days in London is fully mapped out, and were he not a singularly punctual, active, and businesslike man, he could never compass half the duties arranged for him. He believes firmly in early rising, and not infrequently is to be

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found taking a brisk stroll in St. James's or the Green Park soon after eight in the morning.

At nine o'clock the Prince has his second breakfast, served in his sitting room, where he subsequently works with his Private Secretary till about 10.30, when he sees Sir Dighton Probyn, the Comptroller of the Household, in his offices on the ground floor, directly below the Prince's sitting room. To him the Prince gives half an hour of his valuable time.

Then follow a series of interviews with artists, contractors, tradesmen of all kinds about all subjects, in the anteroom; or there are deputations and commissions to be seen in the great saloon downstairs. Sometimes the business connected with the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall is disposed of at Marlborough House; sometimes the Prince attends at the offices of the estates. Almost daily the Prince visits his stables, where about sixty horses generally stand in the season, in roomy stalls, above which each animal's name is inscribed on an enamelled iron plate.

Soon after midday the Prince's own brougham comes round. It is a "Hooper," very quiet in style, with linings of dark blue, and is lit at night by

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a most clever installation of lamps. The interior is cunningly fitted with all a smoker's necessities, and sundry pockets for holding books and papers. The Prince pays visits, often of a ceremonious or business character, before luncheon, which at Marlborough House is served at 2.30, and for which open house for relations is usually kept. The Prince's Household, which breakfasts between nine and ten o'clock, lunches at two and dines at seven; so that all are ready for the work of the afternoon, which comprises every kind of function calculated to promote and encourage the well-being of the public.

Dinner at Marlborough House is of necessity a movable feast, dependent on the engagements for the evening.

The Prince's town house is served by about one hundred and twenty servants, indoor and out—not an undue number, considering the size of the mansion and the ever-varying needs of its occupants. Ten years of service entitle a domestic to retire on a pension, but it speaks volumes for the kindness and consideration of the Prince and Princess that their servants hardly ever leave them, although but little above the average rate of wages is paid. The Prince's piper wears the Stuart tartan.

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The suite at Windsor Castle known as the Prince of Wales's rooms must be considered as an adjunct to the business side of Marlborough House, and as such demands a short description. The suite is made up of four rooms, which are situated in the York Tower, from whence there is a lovely view down the Long Walk and over the Home Park. Like all the rooms at Windsor, they are numbered, and are 238 to 241, inclusive. The sitting room, which is not large, is hung with yellow silk, the curtains and draperies being of the same material. Such chairs as are not upholstered in tapestry are covered with silk to match the walls. A rosewood piano fills one corner, and a splendid sideboard of fine black lacquer and brass, with a white-marble top, stands opposite the fireplace. The furniture is principally of Amboyna wood with chased ormolu mounts. The frames of the mirrors and the ceiling are white and gold. Among the pictures are portraits of the Duke of Connaught in the dress he wore through the last Egyptian campaign; the Duchess of Kent with the Queen, at the age of three; several of the Prince's brothers and sisters; the Duchess of Cambridge; a good likeness of the Duke of Albany in Scotch full dress, and a Parade

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at Potsdam in honour of Queen Victoria, August 17, 1858.

In the bedroom the large wardrobe is of mahogany inlaid with satinwood; the bed is small, and, like the chairs, is of Amboyna. The room contains, among many interesting pictures, a delightful study by Westall of the Queen as a child, playing with a black-and-tan terrier. The wall paper has a gold ground. The adjoining bathroom is round in form, and simple to absolute severity. Whenever the Prince pays a flying visit to Windsor, where he generally transacts a quantity of family business, he occupies this suite of apartments.

CHAPTER V

DOMESTIC LIFE

FEW people outside the Royal family and the circle of the Prince of Wales's intimate friends are aware of the high standard of domestic life that he set himself and always has observed. The true affection that exists between the Prince and his relations is remarkable when judged by the records of other Royal families, who as a rule are anything but united. George II openly disliked his eldest son Frederick, Prince of Wales, whom his own mother spoke of thus: "My dear firstborn is the greatest ass and the greatest liar, the greatest *canaille* and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it." His sister, on more than one occasion, avowed that she grudged her brother every hour he lived, and the following squib on him at his death expressed the generally accepted estimate of his character:

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Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead ;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather ;
Had it been his brother,
Sooner than another ;
Had it been his sister,
There's no one would have missed her ;
Had it been his whole generation,
Best of all for the nation ;
But since it is only Fred,
There's no more to be said.

While the Prince of Wales as a husband and father has never deserved any such scathing criticism, he has never been fully credited with the affection and devotion he has shown as a family man. The romantic love that induced him, when little more than a boy, to overcome all obstacles to his union with Princess Alexandra of Denmark, has never waned. During the illness which in the late sixties kept her for many months bound to her couch, his devoted attention to her slightest wish, his grief at her sufferings, and his delight at her restoration to health, were proofs of his sincere affection. It was practically at the Prince's instigation that the long holiday that followed her convalescence in Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece was planned, and he more than once expressed his delight that

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the journey, which lasted for many months, proved so successful in restoring the Princess to complete health.

The same touching affection which exists between the Prince and Princess of Wales was again displayed during his own illness, when Her Royal Highness scarcely ever left her husband's bedside. Other trials, that must come to all people who undertake to journey through life together, be they princes or peasants, have only served to draw closer the bonds of affection that unite the Royal pair.

Further proof, if such were needed, of the Prince's claim to be considered a thoroughly domesticated man, is the wonderful love and respect that from the very first his children have shown to him. Boys are very quick to see holes in their fathers' armour when they exist; but the Prince's two sons have always regarded him as the *beau-idéal* of all that a father, a man, and a Prince should be. They rightly considered that in points of etiquette, tact, and knowledge the Prince could do little wrong, and in all ways they have regarded his taste as a reliable model.

The Prince's marriage was a romance savouring of the most poetical traditions of the middle ages.

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Before the Prince Consort's death it had been almost settled between him and the Queen that the Prince of Wales should seek a wife among the German Princesses; and the young Prince, brought up as he had been in the strictest habits of obedience, was prepared to accede to the wishes of his parents, till the merest accident upset all calculations. A young German officer, who was a friend of the Prince, informed His Royal Highness one day that he was engaged to be married, and that he would like to show him the portrait of his bride-elect. He gave the Prince a photograph of a beautiful young girl, wearing the plainest of white muslin frocks, with her hair brushed back from her brow, and a narrow black velvet ribbon tied round her throat. The Prince immediately asked the name of the original, when the young officer discovered that by mistake he had given the Prince the portrait of the King of Denmark's second daughter. When the mistake was explained, the Prince refused to return the photograph, and a few days later, on seeing a miniature of the same lady in the Duchess of Cambridge's drawing room, he declared there and then that he would marry only the original of these two pictures.

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There is no doubt that at first the Queen was not disposed to abandon her original intention; but the young Prince, full of ardour and enthusiasm, pleaded his cause so well with King Leopold of Belgium (the Uncle Leopold of the Queen's diaries), that when, a little later, Her Majesty paid the Belgian King a visit at Laeken, he succeeded in inducing her to consent to the marriage.

Previous to this the Prince, as though by accident, had met the Princess Alexandra of Denmark at Heidelberg. The Danish Royal family and the Prince of Wales chanced at the same time to be visiting the beauties of the old University town. In this artless fashion the Prince met his bride, and fell more deeply in love with her than he had with her picture. There is no doubt that His Royal Highness had every excuse at that time for his passion. The Princess was exceedingly attractive, of the fair Scandinavian type, with golden-brown hair, very fine blue eyes, and a brilliant complexion. Her smile was as sweet then as it is now, and her mouth was singularly beautiful.

The Princess's arrival in England, and her marriage to the Prince of Wales in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, are matters of history, and from

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that moment the Prince, as the happiest and proudest of bridegrooms, assumed a manly protectorship over the Princess, who had her popularity to win.

From the first the Prince of Wales was enthusiastic in praise of his wife's beauty; and when, as a young married couple, they paid a visit to King Leopold's Court in Brussels, he was never tired of extolling the charms of his lovely Princess. At a great reception held at the Palace in honour of the newly married pair, the Prince turned to a lady of the Court whom he knew, just as the Princess was passing by on the King's arm, and whispered with eager emphasis: "Is not she a pet? Is not she a darling?" The Prince's affection for the Princess was as practical as it was tender. Soon after he was married he was breakfasting with Her Royal Highness, who at the time was most anxious for news from Denmark touching the war between her native country and Germany. An equerry, with scant ceremony, burst into the room and announced that the Danish troops had sustained a severe defeat. The Princess, overwhelmed with sympathetic grief for her country, burst into a flood of tears. The Prince was much annoyed, and, after

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consoling his wife, gave his indiscreet retainer a very bad quarter of an hour.

The rebuilding of Sandringham and the remodelling of Marlborough House owed much to the combined taste of the Prince and his bride, and their mutual attachment was cemented by the births of their sons and daughters, while in questions of business, sport, travelling, and racing, Her Royal Highness has always shown a lively interest. The Prince, on his part, has made it a rule to give the Princess every pleasure he can compass. She has only had to express a wish, for the Prince to seek to gratify it, and scores of times he has planned surprises and impromptu pleasures for her. When the Royal pair have travelled together he has always sought to provide entertainments, such as concerts on board ship, theatricals, or fireworks, donkey-rides, incognito shopping excursions, or anything that might amuse her by its unexpected novelty.

When the Royal family are at Sandringham it is the most ordinary sight in the world to meet the Princess driving the Prince about the estate in one or other of her carts, or on the small coach which, with a team of ponies, was his parting gift to her before he went to India.



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The truest evidence of the affection that exists between the Prince and Princess of Wales was witnessed by the thousands who thronged Westminster Abbey at the great service in February, 1872, when the Queen and all the Royal family repaired there to return thanks for the Prince of Wales's return to health after his serious attack of typhoid fever. The drive and the ceremony had been long and exhausting, and at the conclusion of the service the Prince, as he rose from his chair to take his place in the procession, appeared pale and weak. Without any regard for ceremony the Princess went to her husband's side, drew her arm through his, and with most tender solicitude led him very gently down the steps of the chancel and along the aisle of the abbey.

The Prince and Princess have, of course, been subject to the "fierce light that beats upon the throne," but, so far as their domestic life is concerned, they can afford to laugh at and defy criticism, while they remember that a good husband has other and graver duties in life than paying attentions to a pretty wife.

The 8th of January, 1864, brought a new happiness into the life of the Prince of Wales, for on that

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day the Princess gave birth to her first child, who was known best in his own family by the name of "Eddy." The baby's arrival was quite unexpected, and totally unprepared for. The Prince and Princess of Wales were spending the winter at Frogmore, and had been at Virginia Water. A few hours after their return Frogmore House was in a state of turmoil. The Princess was ill, the Prince was suffering the deepest anxiety on her account, and there was not in the house even the proverbial piece of flannel ready in which to wrap the coming baby. But the little Prince proved wonderfully strong and healthy, and was a source of delight and pride to his parents. The Prince's family subsequently grew till the nurseries at Marlborough House held five happy, healthy little beings.

The Prince, the memory of whose own childhood lay not far behind him, took the deepest interest in the bringing up of his sons and daughters. Simplicity was the first law in his nurseries; and though the Royal children were seen when necessary by Dr. William Jenner, anything that savoured of coddling was absolutely unknown. The children, by the Prince of Wales's special order, were never addressed by the Household and servants as

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“Royal Highness,” but merely as Prince Eddy or Princess Louise. The young Princesses, who were always spoken of by their father as “the little girls,” had their tea at the same table with their nurses, and were kept in order and corrected as are the children of humbler rank. They were given but few toys, and were never permitted to accept even those except from relations, and then only if they were of an ordinary and inexpensive kind. No fuss was ever made about nursery casualties and accidents. Once, when Prince Eddy was quite young, he fell off a chair, so bumping his head that a big blue bruise appeared at once on his forehead. Neither his father nor mother expressed the smallest discomposure, but merely told him to be brave and not to cry.

When it was necessary, as it frequently was, for the Prince and Princess to leave their children for a time, daily letters were written to and received from their head nurse, whom they lovingly called “Mary,” and in whom their fond father and mother had the greatest possible confidence. As the children grew older a French and a German governess were added to the nursery staff, with the view of familiarizing the little people with the languages

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that the Prince considered essential to the proper education of English ladies and gentlemen. Out of this very ordinary arrangement at one time grew the popular error that the Prince and his family were in the habit of always speaking German among themselves. This is quite absurd, for when Prince Eddy was grown up and went to Heidelberg under the charge of Professor Ihne, with a view of attending certain lectures at the famous University, he knew so little of the German language that he was obliged, under the Professor's guidance, to study the tongue for several weeks before he was able to understand or appreciate the course of lectures.

The Prince of Wales's first grave anxiety with regard to the health of his children rose from an attack of typhoid that Prince Eddy had in 1877. The young Prince recovered from the illness, but it left him with a constitutional delicacy that he never quite shook off. At this time the Prince of Wales began to carry out his ideas regarding the education of his sons. Young enough to remember the manner of his own education, he felt that, wide as it had been from a literary point of view, it had for years been narrow as regards the study of men and the ways of the world. He was most anxious that

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his sons should escape the nervousness and constraint that surrounds a court, and from which he had himself suffered. He was desirous that they should be able to read men as easily as books, and that the small adulations and petty restraints that fetter Princes of the blood Royal should not be felt by them.

Putting aside the fashion of the time, he was too much a man of the world not to know that the sycophancy and flattery of a public school, as well as the risk his sons would run of making undesirable friendships that might influence their future lives, made ordinary modes of education undesirable. He therefore decided that a training ship would be the best place in which his boys could be educated. One of his chief reasons for wishing to send them to sea was his anxiety that they should, as he said, be taught to do something with their hands. He knew that, as midshipmen in Her Majesty's Navy, they would be made useful and unaffected members of society, that their moral training would be excellent, and their education pursued under most healthful circumstances, away from the temptations that beset a boy in the ever-changing, haphazard assemblage of a public school and its surroundings.

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The young Princes were therefore entered as students on board the *Britannia* training ship, where, by their father's express desire, absolutely no difference from the rest of their shipmates was made in their position.

The Prince of Wales and his brothers were once described by an old retainer as having been "rare young toads," and the Prince was most desirous that his sons, like other boys, should rough it with the rest, for as a wise man he knew they could easily learn refinement, but that there is no salvation for a boy who is once branded as a muff. Accordingly, his sons' clothes were merely ordinary training-ship kit; they drilled, studied, messed with the other cadets without the smallest distinction of rank; they had to submit to the strict discipline that rules on board a training ship, and their only dissipation was a chance visit from their parents.

Following the Prince's intention, his sons went through a course of very useful instruction. They were taught carpentering, every detail of a ship's rigging, a certain amount of engineering; were obliged, in common with the rest, to darn their own socks and mend their own clothes; had to go aloft, and in every way fight their own battles. The boys

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themselves liked the life; their shipmates soon saw that there was going to be no favouritism; and after a year or so the Prince reaped the reward of his resolve, for he found to his delight that his sons were growing fine, manly boys, that they were acquiring all the education he deemed necessary for their future well-being, that they were becoming adepts at sports of all kinds, and, above all, could take their own parts, not being afraid to give and take a blow with the best. The success of this experiment determined the Prince on the still more important step of sending them as cadets on a long cruise in H. M. S. "Bacchante."

The young Princes joined their ship on August 6, 1879. The first cruise taken was comparatively short; but the second, during which they visited Egypt, India, the Australian colonies, Japan, and South Africa, occupied nearly a year. The Rev. J. N. Dalton went with the Princes as acting chaplain to the "Bacchante" and guardian to the Royal cadets. The midshipmen and cadets who were their companions and classmates were eleven in number. During these two cruises, Prince Eddy and Prince George came in for a good deal of roughing it, and plenty of fun, as will appear.

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The first journey, which took them to the West Indian Islands, gave them a charming experience of Bermuda, where they enjoyed the splendid hospitality of the Governor and Lady Laffan. While they were there it was arranged that they should visit in a steam launch the various small islands that in those latitudes star the sea in all directions. A large party was made up for the purpose, which included the Princes and other of the "Bacchante" midshipmen. At the first island on which they set foot the authorities, who wished to present Prince Eddy with a bouquet of Bermuda lilies, anxiously inquired the Prince's identity among the group of naval cadets. Prince George, ever ripe for a bit of fun, gave the most misleading answer, with the result that this embarrassing bouquet was presented to every midshipman until it at length reached the hand for which it was intended. After this ceremony the party again went out on the launch, where the high spirits of the young Princes led them into a joke which greatly astonished the dignitaries of the next island on which they landed. They sat together in the bows of the launch, and, during the short voyage between the islands, amused themselves in ornamenting each other's

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noses with the pollen of the brilliant orange stamens of the Bermuda lilies. The astonishment of the islanders may be imagined when they beheld their future King landing on their shores with a brilliant yellow nose!

Like all healthy boys, the young Princes were full of pranks and fun, and it was probably the incident of the Bermuda lilies that induced them not to contradict the statement which early in 1880 was published to the world that they, in common with the rest of the cadets, had been tattooed on the nose with a large anchor. For a long time the report was believed, and the Prince was much troubled, till telegraphic communication assured him and the nation that, though the Princes had been, like their Uncle Alfred, tattooed while in Japan with the figures of a big dragon in blue and red twisted round their arms, the story of the anchor on the nose had not a line of truth in it.

Going from the Cape to Australia, the "Bacchante" encountered a terrible storm, which not only smashed the steering gear, but reduced the cabin and the mess rooms to a condition of considerable discomfort. After the storm was over, and until the ship arrived in port, the midshipmen's mess

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was reduced, as regards its crockery, to two or three teacups and a very limited number of plates, yet the Princes roughed it and enjoyed it with the rest, and indeed seemed to appreciate the whole business as much as when, on Prince Eddy's birthday, they had a cake as a treat, an interesting fact which was commented upon in the letters written home to the Prince. In Australia Prince Eddy made his first speech in public, and, as the "Bacchante" made for home waters, he began to prepare for the position he knew he must occupy as the eldest son of the Prince of Wales on his return to England. Prince George, too, began to discard some of the language he had learned from his fellow-middies, who addressed Prince Eddy as the "Herring" and Prince George as the "Sprat."

The Prince and Princess also devoted great care and thought to the bringing up of their three daughters. The simplicity of their nursery days was in no way relaxed when they passed into the schoolroom. French and German, music, history, and mathematics were the principal branches of education insisted upon by the Prince, while the Princess was most particular that her daughters should learn dressmaking and sewing in all their

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branches, cooking, dairy work, the superintendence of a garden, the management of a house, and, indeed, every detail of ordinary domestic life.

The Princesses were devoted to their governesses, and established with them friendships that will be lifelong. As they grew to womanhood they were encouraged to cultivate individual tastes. The Princess Louise, who is now Duchess of Fife, developed quite early in life a positive mania for fishing, and for every kind of work connected with the management of a country estate. She is as keen with rod and line as any lady in the kingdom, and as a judge of farm stock is equal to many men who pride themselves on their knowledge. She has shown and taken prizes with cattle, and, like her mother, infinitely prefers country to town life. The Duchess of Fife is most charitable, and thoughtful for the wants of the people on her husband's estate. She is very quiet and gentle in manner, exceedingly well read, and devoted to music and to her two little girls.

The Prince's second daughter, Princess Victoria, is deeply attached to her mother; she is of the most domestic turn of mind, and during the last few years has largely supervised the management

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of the households at Marlborough House and Sandringham. She has considerable taste in art, and a great eye for effect in arranging furniture, flowers, and hangings. Like her sisters, she is an adept at photography.

Princess Maud, who from her tomboy tricks and merry disposition was always called "Harry" in the family circle, is the Prince's favourite daughter. She is brilliantly pretty, and as clever as she is beautiful. As an all-round sportswoman few of her own sex can touch her. With horses, dogs, and birds she is wonderful, and she is also really fond of yachting. There are few arts and crafts that Princess Maud has not tried her hand at, and at which she has not proved herself more or less skilful. She plays really well, and is credited with being the only Royal lady who has ever ridden a bicycle through the public streets. That the Prince of Wales believes in the happiness of a love match is proved by the fact that he permitted both his eldest and youngest daughters to marry the men of their choice. When the Princess Louise's engagement to the Earl of Fife was first announced, the world in general chose to imagine it impossible that the Prince would permit his daughter to marry a man



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who was sufficiently old to be an intimate friend of his own. But the world was mistaken; the Prince approved of the union, and it reflects credit on his good judgment that the marriage has been so successful and so happy.

For his favourite daughter, Princess Maud, there is no doubt that the Prince cherished great ambitions, for she was clever and beautiful enough to aspire to a Crown; but when once her choice was made, the Prince, like the sympathetic, kindly father he is, put his daughter's happiness before his personal feelings, and warmly upheld her marriage with Prince Charles of Denmark.

But, in order that his youngest daughter should not be entirely separated from him by her marriage, he has lent her, for an indefinite period, Appleton House, a beautiful place on the Sandringham estate, which has quite a romantic history, and even in modern times became famous for having been for some years in the occupation of Mrs. Cresswell, who, under the signature of "A Lady Farmer," published a book detailing various differences she had with the Prince. Though she represents him as a little hard on the subject of shooting and the preservation of game, on all other subjects her book

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is a warm tribute to the Prince's general good-fellowship.

When the Princess Maud is not in residence at this delightful country house, she and her husband occupy a flat of twenty rooms on the ground floor of Amamalianborg Palace, at Copenhagen. The yellow drawing room, blue boudoir, and the dining room, arranged in the Jacobean style, all reflect English taste; but, needless to say, the Princess always returns to her home near Sandringham, and the delightful memories it recalls, with infinite pleasure. Since her marriage Princess Maud has practically abandoned her pseudonym of Miss Mills, under which the Prince often permitted her to visit her old governess, Mlle. Vauthier, now married to Mr. Johnson, who, since he has abandoned the representation of Exeter in the House of Commons, lives in the west of England.

The first duty that the Prince fulfilled to his sons, when they returned from their second long cruise on the "Bacchante," was to arrange for their confirmation in the small church at Whippingham, near Osborne. At this ceremony the Queen and all the Royal family in England were present. Very soon after this it was decided that Prince George should

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continue his life at sea, Prince Eddy being destined for education at Cambridge and the army. The house at Sandringham which is now known as York Cottage, but which was then called the Bachelors' Cottage, was arranged by the Prince for his son's use. It was then quite a small place, with only accommodation for half a dozen gentlemen and a few servants. The Prince gave the greatest possible thought to the choice of his son's companions and tutors. They included Mr. Stephen, a brilliant Cambridge man, Canon Dalton, a son of Lord Strathmore's, and a French gentleman, who assisted Prince Eddy in the study of language. A favourite shipmate completed the party.

At Cambridge, where the Prince sent his son in the October term of 1883, Prince Eddy occupied two sets of rooms at Trinity College, overlooking Nevile's Court, a charming old quadrangle, inclosed with a fine façade of Wren's designing at one end.

While Prince Eddy was still at Cambridge the Prince of Wales was much exercised as to the choice of a regiment into which he should put his son. The fact that he himself was Colonel of the Tenth Hussars probably influenced his final choice.

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The fact that Prince Eddy was a horseman of exceptional ability further influenced the Prince of Wales's decision. It speaks volumes for the education of the young Prince that, after he had come to years of discretion, and was as much his own master as a member of the Royal family can ever expect to be, he set himself to work hard at his career. He was never known to shirk his duties, and neither the chances of shooting or hunting would ever persuade him to abandon work which he thought ought to be done. At the same time he retained the simplicity of character which had been so strongly cultivated in him from his childhood, and after he had received from the Queen the title of Duke of Clarence and Avondale he wrote a delightful boyish letter to the Rev. W. Rogers, in which he signed himself "Edward." In a postscript to this letter he said, "I am, as you see, signing myself in the name you knew me by when a boy, which I prefer with old friends, as I hope I may call you."

The Prince was particularly proud of his children, and of the results they showed of all the care and thought he had bestowed upon them. One of the happiest days of his life was when he took his eldest son to the House of Lords, there to be re-

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ceived as a peer of the realm. A second unique occasion was marked by the bestowal of the Order of the Garter by the Queen upon Prince Eddy, when for the first time the heir apparent to the Throne and his son both held this order.

One day at Sandringham, when a party were out with their guns, Prince George complained of feeling unwell. The Prince's fatherly anxiety immediately took alarm, and the Princess being on the Continent at the time, he took the whole responsibility on himself of nursing his son. The shooting party was hastily broken up, the Prince of Wales and Prince George were driven to Wolverton Station, and a "special" was ordered to bring them to town. The Prince himself nursed his son with the tenderest assiduity until the arrival of the Princess, and then, just as reward seemed sure, his elder son sickened. The sad details of Prince Eddy's illness and death, and the enduring sorrow which that event brought to his father, are still remembered. Those who saw the Prince at Sandringham during that awful time will never forget the expression of almost hopeless despair with which he followed his son's body from Sandringham Church to the railway station, walking as he did in the depth of win-

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ter along the country roads close behind the gun carriage that bore the coffin. His grief during the splendid ceremonial that subsequently took place at Windsor was heartbreaking to witness, and those who till then might, from ignorance or want of thought, have believed the Prince to be but an indifferent father, were forever disabused of that notion. The overwhelming sorrow of those days forged perhaps the closest link of love between the Prince and Princess of Wales. For many weeks after that sad event the Princess would see no one but the Prince, and he, and he only, as husband and father who shared her sorrow, was able to console her.

But in due time a new interest crept into the Prince's life, and a sincere affection that had always existed between the Prince of Wales and his cousin the Duchess of Teck served as an additional reason for the great joy that he felt when his son, Prince George, wooed and won Princess May of Teck.

The wife of his son's choice had always been the prettiest as she was the sweetest of the younger Princesses, and the union has brought happiness to all connected with the young couple. To the Prince of Wales this marriage has ever been a sub-

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ject for congratulation. Whenever his son and daughter-in-law are near him, either in London or at Sandringham, the Prince never lets a day pass without seeing them and their lovely children. Of his grandchildren the Prince is extremely proud and fond. Little Prince Edward is a great pet, and it is the Prince's delight to shower gifts and treats on the tiny people, who in their turn are deeply attached to one who, as far as they are concerned, is the most indulgent grandfather in the world.

CHAPTER VI

THE PRINCE AS A STUDENT

THE Prince of Wales's student days may be said to have begun when he went as an undergraduate, first to Oxford, where he had rooms at Frewen Hall, and later to Cambridge, where he lived with his suite at Madingly Hall, about two miles from the town. The ease with which he matriculated proved to those who then had charge of his studies how excellent and thorough had been the course of education laid down for him, and carried out by the Queen and the Prince Consort. Not only was he as well acquainted with Latin and Greek as an ordinary boy who has passed through the strict training of the best public schools, but he had in addition the immense advantage of speaking perfect German, excellent French, and very fair Italian, besides possessing more than a smattering of other modern tongues.

This modern branch of education has always

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seemed to the Prince most necessary to success in the struggle for life, and when addressing educational bodies or young people he often refers to the excellent results that follow an intelligent study of foreign languages.

From his boyhood the Prince was given every opportunity of studying men and manners in other countries than his own. When he was only four he went to the Channel Islands, and a little later to Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. He knew France and Germany well when he was still a child, and when sixteen spent some time with his tutors at Königswinter, a delightful village on the Rhine, near the university town of Bonn.

Italy, Spain, and Portugal were then visited, and not only their marvellous art treasures but their political conditions carefully studied, before he took up his residence at Holyrood Castle, Edinburgh, with a view to attending Dr. Lyon Playfair's lectures on chemistry and Dr. Schmitz's Roman history classes. It was Dr. Playfair's system to give his Royal pupil practical illustrations of the subjects of his lectures. To this end many manufactories were visited and experiments demonstrated. It was on one of these occasions that Dr. Playfair

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asked the Prince to plunge his naked hand into a caldron of lead that was many degrees above the boiling point. There are few who would unhesitatingly accede to such a request, yet the Prince, with the coolness born of knowledge and of confidence in his preceptor, thrust his hand into the white-hot mass and withdrew it unscathed.

The Prince also studied science in many of its branches. He regularly attended Professor Faraday's lectures, and he always availed himself of every opportunity of inspecting works and factories.

His knowledge of mathematics was quite up to the average, and Canon Heaviside, who instructed him in this branch of learning for some time, was well satisfied with his progress.

Under all these circumstances the Prince's projected arrival at Oxford, at the opening of the Michaelmas term in 1859, was anticipated with pleasure, alike by those who were to supervise his education, and by younger men who were to be his fellow-students.

It was arranged that the Prince should be an undergraduate of Christ Church, where he was duly received in "Tom Quad" by Dr. Liddell and

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Archdeacon Clerke, who were Dean and Subdean respectively. Tom Quad is so called from the famous bell, Great Tom of Oxford, hanging in the main gateway of the college quadrangle, which is the largest in Oxford.

Tom Gateway, and Canterbury Gateway which forms the eastern entrance of Christ Church, are the only gateways in Oxford wide enough to admit of a carriage driven through them. The flat faces of the buildings round the Quad are unrelieved by such cloisters and covered walks as form the principal beauty of so many other college quadrangles. The level expanse of Tom Quad is only broken by the stone-edged basin and fountain in the centre, which is known as "Mercury," from the fact that once upon a time a statue of that god stood there. Mercury is surrounded with a halo of stories, both humorous and tragic. Unpopular people have been ducked in its waters, and daring undergraduates are said to have gone sliding on it in the dead of a frost-bound winter's night.

The Prince on his arrival was at once escorted to the Deanery, where his name was entered in the college books, a ceremony which, strangely enough, was omitted when he went to Cambridge.

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Dr. Liddell and the other Dons of Christ Church then walked with him to the house of Dr. Jeune, who was Master of Pembroke College and Vice-Chancellor of the University, and who subsequently became Bishop of Peterborough.

Amid such distinguished surroundings the Prince passed his examination, and duly received his certificate of matriculation, written in scholarly Latin. He then went with his suite to Frewen Hall, the charming residence that had been taken for him, where he spent a quiet evening with his gentlemen—an extraordinary contrast to the reception at Oxford of his ancestor, George IV, who, as Prince of Wales and undergraduate of Christ Church, was entertained at a huge banquet in the Great Hall of the college, and toward the end of the evening was scarcely in a fit condition to sign the college book.

The Prince has always been a profound believer in a sound education. Almost the first thing he did on acquiring the Sandringham estate was thoroughly to overhaul the condition of all the schools in his immediate neighbourhood, and to inquire into the capabilities of the teachers, and degrees of knowledge or ignorance of the scholars. It is en-

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tirely owing to his efforts that every village within hail of Sandringham is now equipped with an excellent school. The Prince has also founded scholarships at the schools at Kings Lynn, and he frequently examines scholars there and gives away the prizes, and always displays special interest in those who have won the medals he presents.

The Prince's tastes in literature are very sound, and always tend to mental improvement. For many years the bulk of his library was kept at Marlborough House, in the apartment now arranged and known as the Indian Room. When, however, the enormous accumulations of treasures and curios collected by the Prince in India required a complete rearrangement of the reception rooms at Marlborough House, the bookcases and their contents were moved to Sandringham, where they form the nucleus of a first-class library.

That the Prince is a serious student of literature in his quieter hours is evinced by the fact that his fine store of books forms the chief decoration of three rooms communicating one with another on the right of the entrance hall at Sandringham. The first and largest of these rooms contains the bulk of the library from Marlborough House. The books

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are arranged in cases of light pollard oak, embellished with small panels of marquetry work. The furniture is also oak, and of plain design; the upholstery and the curtains that drape the long windows are blue. The room beyond is generally used by the equerries, and writing tables, easy chairs and lounges, and suitable books make it a quiet retreat. The third library is the Serapis Room, so called from being decorated with the fittings of the Prince's stateroom on the great white troop ship that took him to India. Here the walls are quaintly decorated with golden Prince of Wales's plumes and the cipher A. E.

A glance at the crowded shelves gives some idea of the Prince's choice of books. The classics of England, France, and Germany occupy prominent places, and current literature is abundantly in evidence. A number of biographies, diaries, and letters are headed by the Greville "Memoirs." The histories, reports, and books of travel that were read by the Prince before he started on his journey to India completely fill one case. There is also an exhaustive collection of works on the Crimean War, and Nelson's despatches and various accounts of his victories, the Campaigns of Wellington, the "His-

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tory of the Seven Years' War," and of the "Rise of the Mahometan Power in India," are but a few out of the many works on kindred subjects.

The "Badminton Library" is conspicuous among a number of other books on sport of all kinds, while of works that have to do with farming and stock breeding there is an ample collection. To Mr. Maurice Holzmann, the Prince's librarian, is left the task of introducing into the Royal libraries the best fiction and other up-to-date literature.

When Carlyle was seeking the matter necessary for the writing of his great "History of the French Revolution," he was astonished to find that the only exhaustive collection of works on the subject was to be found in "The King's Library." In the burst of unwilling admiration that this fact forced from him, Carlyle declared that the greatest monument left by George IV was the splendid collection of learned books with which "the first gentleman in Europe" established the nucleus of the British Museum Library.

The Prince of Wales may inherit his love of literature from his great-grandfather, George III, but he certainly buys his books in a more royal man-

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ner than did his great-grandmother, Queen Charlotte, who was content to get her reading from the second-hand bookstalls, and used to send an old servant to rummage among the battered volumes and bring her any that seemed to contain literary amusement. The Prince is a generous purchaser of *éditions de luxe*, and no new book of any worth, whether fiction, travel, biography, or poetry, that is recommended to him by his friends or secretaries, is ever overlooked. At the same time, like all educated people, he holds very strong opinions on literary subjects, and is none too well pleased when he has been induced to spend time over a book which he considers unworthy of notice. Nevertheless, he is very catholic in his tastes, and is always ready to appreciate qualities that interest, even when he admits an absence of true literary form.

Among his favourite novelists place must be given to Mrs. Henry Wood. When the Prince made his tour through the Holy Land, with Dean Stanley for a companion, he was reading with great interest "East Lynne," and was so absorbed in that novel that he was perpetually urging the Dean to read it. Almost one of the first books the Princess of Wales read after her marriage was Mrs. Wood's

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"Shadow of Ashlydyat," which was recommended to her by the Prince, when the Prince was giving sittings to W. Frith, R. A., who had been commissioned by the Queen to paint a picture of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The picture was seen by the Royal family, and when the Queen and the Prince complained that the portrait of the Princess was not satisfactory, the artist was compelled to admit that Her Royal Highness moved so constantly it was impossible to catch a good likeness of her. To the next sitting the Princess brought Mrs. Wood's exciting romance, and the picture was repainted to the satisfaction of all interested in it.

As a student of current events the Prince is indefatigable. Before starting on any expedition or visiting any sight, he prepares his mind for what he is going to see by a course of the most thorough reading. This same earnestness he carries into the smaller details of his life. If he visits a manufactory, or a coal mine, or any historical spot, he reads up the whole subject beforehand, with the result that he invariably surprises those who act as his guides by the aptness of his remarks and the quick intelligence with which he grasps facts. Yet, with

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all the information he thus acquires, the Prince is never above asking questions, which he does in the short, quick way characteristic of all the Royal family. He never requires to have anything explained to him twice, and he is too shrewd to jump to any rash conclusion. These qualities place him among the best-informed men of his day.

Even his holidays are used for the purpose of acquiring knowledge. The months he passed in Egypt some years ago were spent in a series of expeditions and explorations which many people might have thought dull and unnecessary. Whenever there was anything to be seen, to be found out, or to be learned, the Prince did not avoid the subject because he was in the hottest of tropical countries. He visited the great ruins that border the Nile, delving into old tombs, listening to long explanations of the quaint paintings found on the walls, examining broken slabs, demanding information of all and every kind, content with a hasty picnic lunch, that he might soon start to work again, seeing, exploring, and adding to his stores of knowledge. When he was in India he found time in the midst of State duties frequently to converse with Mr. Mudd, the talented botanist who was attached to his suite, by

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whom plants and flowers of a rare kind were always shown to the Prince.

On his shooting expeditions in strange lands the Prince is always accompanied by a good taxidermist, who is expected to preserve all rare birds and animals shot by him. Mr. Baker accompanied him to the Nile in this capacity, and had a workshop on board one of the steamers, where the Prince would often visit him and watch the process of stuffing rare specimens.

The Prince has never been known to speak in public on a matter he has not thoroughly mastered. Hence it is that, as a speaker, he is always concise and accurate. His statistics are correct, and his statements lucid and indisputable. From time to time he has spoken neatly and epigrammatically, showing a complete mastery of such intricate and diverse subjects as English literature, art, shipping, dramatic history, military matters, civil engineering, the study of the Bible and mission work, civic institutions, the status of the clerk, collegiate education, the management of life-boats, the history of Egypt, the Irish question, foreign travel, ambulance and first-aid training, workmen's exhibitions, rescue work, agricultural improvements

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and live-stock breeding, the reclaiming of barren land, the management of hospitals, colonial questions, training ships, medical treatment of women and children, the history of volunteering, housing of the poor, the antislavery movement, the Darwinian theory, the schoolmaster problem, railways and their management, the necessity of athletics, musical training, and indeed on every recondite or practical problem that interests the thinking world. The Prince has spoken at length on these subjects without notes, and not infrequently without notice. Thus he fully carries into daily practice Pope's famous dictum, "The proper study of mankind is man."

His Royal Highness is, too, a keen and quick student of the essential points and qualities of those with whom he comes in contact, and a shrewd judge of character. His kindly nature prompts him to take a broad and lenient view of human foibles, but it is a great mistake to fancy that his generous disposition blinds him to people's faults.

Although the Prince of Wales is too busy a man to write daily to the Queen, as do the rest of her family, he is very apt and witty with his pen. His letters are always to the point, frequently exceed-

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ingly amusing, and generally contain pungently expressed views about people with whom he comes in contact; and while all the Royal family are very clever with their pens, the Prince has the rare gift of writing letters which comprise deep thought, keen criticism, and delightful humour.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRINCE AND SOCIETY

THE influence that the Prince of Wales has exercised on society since his marriage, and his position as a social leader, have, taken as a whole, worked for good in those complex circles that start in Mayfair and widen out in ever-increasing rings to the farthest limits of Bayswater and South Kensington. His influence has done much to minimize the extreme exclusiveness which, until 1860, forced separate sets of men and women into narrow and exclusive grooves. His determination to do the best for and to get the best out of the world eventually succeeded in breaking down many barriers, with the result that the upper classes of English society nowadays welcome with open arms all that is witty and charming from every country and from every rung on the social ladder.

No doubt the Prince's ideas with regard to society were largely influenced by the visit he paid

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in 1860 to Canada and the United States. The latter he visited as Baron Renfrew, one of his many titles, though everywhere he was spoken of as "the Prince." His extreme delight at his first introduction to a purely democratic people had great results, and his sincere affection and admiration for the Americans date from that visit, which he always recalls as one of the most delightful remembrances of a life that has been full of memorable experiences.

While visiting the States the Prince proved himself to be both unaffected and unspoiled by his position. He went almost everywhere that he was asked, and enjoyed himself thoroughly at the entertainments that were given in his honour. In many cities big balls and receptions were arranged for his amusement; but one of the pleasantest visits he paid was a quiet call at the house of Bishop McKimley, where he took tea with the Bishop and his wife and family; and when, ten years later, that eminent divine came to London, the Prince of Wales not only recognised him in the Park, but invited him to Marlborough House, and, with the consideration and courtesy he invariably shows to strangers, he made a personal point of bidding the Bishop

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and his party to a garden party the Princess was about to give.

This is an indication of the Prince's broad views in society—views that have made Americans and Jews welcome in the greatest houses in the land; views that are responsible for much good feeling and friendship between nations and people who might otherwise be estranged. The Prince, in fact, has always used his influence and his position with worthy motives, and he has often undertaken with extraordinary patience and delightful tact to smooth over family troubles, and advise the abandonment of cases that might lead to grave scandals. More than one foolish couple have been reunited by his unaided efforts, and many a wild life has been retrieved from follies and dangers by the sound advice and kindly counsel of the Prince of Wales. It is said, and with truth, that he is the repository of more secrets than any man alive; and this is due to the fact that he has never been known to betray a confidence, or to use the knowledge acquired by him for anything but the best and wisest purposes. A certain section of the public love to rail against the doings and sayings of society; but of one thing such critics may rest assured: if it were not for the

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wholesome influence and the restraint that from time to time the Prince of Wales has introduced, society would have earned a far worse character than it possesses.

It is commonly supposed that the Prince's admiration and encouragement supported the cult of the "professional beauty." The ladies who were known to the public by that term were many of them members of circles in which the Prince of Wales moved; but it is not generally known that when, after a time, the Prince found that the profession of beauty was becoming scandalous in its vulgarity and advertisement, he decided to put a stop to the whole business by practically refusing to accept or to know those who were making a trade of their good looks, and whose photographs adorned the mantelpieces of every callow youth who chose to waste his money on acquiring them.

The Bazaar mania, and the ridiculous means resorted to by smart ladies and well-known actresses to extort money from their patrons, also received a severe check from the Prince of Wales, who on one occasion was kind enough to lend his personal patronage to a great Fancy Fair got up at the Albert Hall. In the course of the afternoon he hon-

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oured the refreshment stall by his presence and asked for a cup of tea. The tea was priced at a figure sufficiently exorbitant to cover the calls of charity; but the fair vender, thinking to amuse the Prince, before handing him the cup drank from it herself, saying, "*Now* the cup of tea is five guineas!" The Prince gravely paid the money asked, handed back the tea, and said, "Will you please give me a clean cup?" It is needless to say that this quiet and justifiable snub largely helped to suppress all such vulgar devices as were resorted to by ladies of a certain section of society.

The Prince's tolerance of persons who have somehow managed to gain a foothold in society never wavers unless his good nature is abused, as it was some years ago, when the caricature of a certain gentleman was published in a well-known society paper the week after that in which a portrait of Prince George had by special permission been published. The Prince on that occasion felt that his tolerance and that of society at large had been grossly abused, and it was noteworthy that within a few hours of the appearance of the offending picture the gentleman in question left England hurriedly.

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While as a leader of fashion the Prince is all-powerful, he is good-natured to a degree with regard to the imitation of his hats, coats, the cut of his collars, or the pattern of his sleeve links. So long as these imitations, which any one but the Prince might consider the sincerest form of flattery, are confined to personal details, he does not mind; but when they touch his status as a Prince he is quick to show his displeasure. All the world knows that both the carriage and saddle horses of the Prince of Wales have, as part of their equipment, a forehead band of the colour known as Royal scarlet. When the Prince and his daughters ride in Hyde Park their horses are therefore distinguished from those of other people by these particular forehead bands. One morning the horses of a certain financier and his two daughters were conspicuously adorned with red bands that are by etiquette reserved for the use of Royalty. The Prince and the young Princesses, who were riding in the Row, could not help noticing this vulgarity. On the following day it was seen that the Prince had replaced his scarlet forehead bands by others of plain black leather, and that the financier and his daughters had it all their own way in the matter of Royal red.

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With regard to social entertainments, and the acceptance or refusal of invitations, the Prince has generally worked on rules formulated by himself early in his married life. Any one aspiring to gain a foothold in the higher ranks of society can only hope to do so by receiving as a guest His Royal Highness, and consequently many who have ample means try their best to get a personal friend of the Prince to persuade him to fix a date for their proffered hospitality. The majority of these invitations are refused by him, for the people he visits who are by birth outside the aristocracy, or who are not personal friends of his own, are very few in number. One of the chief reasons that influence him in refusing wholesale hospitality is, that the entertainment offered is generally arranged on a scale of absurd extravagance and lavish expenditure, extremes which he particularly dislikes. When he visits a private house in town or country, he infinitely prefers that his coming and going shall be attended with as little ceremony as possible, and, though hosts and hostesses always make some special effort to entertain him, he is best pleased when things are done without any ostentation.

The Prince's pleasure with regard to country-

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house visits or dinner parties in London is often made known through a third person, an arrangement tacitly understood by those among whom he moves. For many years this delicate task was undertaken by Mr. Harry Tyrwhitt Wilson, whose business it was not only to arrange any visit the Prince wished to pay, but also to submit to the host a list of guests likely to meet with his approval. These lists are, of course, never questioned by people who are to have the honour of receiving him. There is always, however, an exception to every rule. Society, some years ago, repeated with great gusto a story about a certain Duchess who (not being to the manner born), on reading the list of guests that the Prince wished invited to the house party he proposed to attend, struck her pen through the name of a certain lady whom His Royal Highness particularly wished to meet, remarking, "I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance." Sometimes, when intimate friends of the Prince are expecting him on a visit, a list of the other guests is submitted for his approval, and, though he can not always care for the company selected, he seldom removes a name from the list, though he often may add others to it.

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Until quite recently the Prince's visits to country houses were made occasions for a great county ball and a lawn meet or garden party, according to the time of year. But latterly he has placed shooting before any other attraction that can be offered him, and his principal visits are paid between August and February. When the Prince has intimated that he would like to shoot with any one at a given date, the game is strictly preserved for him, and as a rule not a gun is fired in the coverts until his arrival. Among his friends there is always keen competition to show him good sport, and on these visits an effort is made to amuse him during the evenings with a concert or some good theatricals. At such entertainments the Prince is a delightful guest, for, though he has seen things wonderful and brilliant all over the world, he most thoroughly appreciates all home efforts on his behalf. The Prince's visits to country houses have been notable for one thing, if for nothing else: he has done his best to abolish the system of tipping servants and gamekeepers, which a few years ago grew to such extravagant proportions that it threatened to put country-house visiting beyond the reach of any but the rich. The Prince's method is most sensible,

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and invariably gives satisfaction. He leaves behind him, wherever he visits, such a sum as he thinks adequate for the servants of the house, and this money is always distributed after he has left. He has also largely encouraged "tipping boxes," which many hosts have found it wise to put up in the halls of their houses as a check to the promiscuous brigandage which, till a short time ago, made the lives of visitors to country houses a positive terror. When it is remembered that the Prince of Wales travels everywhere with an equerry, his own valets, a footman who waits upon him at meals, two gillies who take entire charge of his guns, as well as other servants, it must be admitted that the domestics of a household are scarcely troubled at all to wait upon him. The same rule of taking a footman who stands behind his chair at table and serves him with every dish and wine, prevails when he dines out.

When the Prince desires to call on a personal friend a message to this effect is sent earlier in the day, and it is etiquette that the person called on should receive no other visitors, and that no other member of the family should be present during the visit, unless inquired for by the Prince. Informal invitations to luncheons at Marlborough House are

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sent out in the same simple way. If, during the morning, the Prince or Princess would like to see certain people quietly and without ceremony, little notes are written and despatched. Informal and sudden as these invitations may be, they are regarded in society in the light of a "command" that must not be disregarded, except in illness.

Mention of the Prince's hosts would not be complete without a few names of those who have entertained him over and over again, and have given him, as he would express it, "fine sport and splendid times." Chief among them are the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, whose almost regal hospitality has often been exercised on behalf of the Prince and Princess of Wales. After Prince Eddy's death, the Duke of Devonshire lent Compton Place at Eastbourne to the Prince and his bereaved family; Hardwick Hall has been visited by him, and also Chatsworth; while the wonderful fancy dress ball given by the Duke and Duchess to their Royal Highnesses a few seasons ago is not yet forgotten. Lord and Lady Cadogan are also favourite hosts with the Prince and Princess. The late Lord Londesborough entertained the Prince of Wales

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more than once. It was always believed that it was during a visit to Londesborough Lodge, near Scarborough, that the Prince of Wales contracted the germs of typhoid fever; and this was further confirmed by the fact that Lord Chesterfield, who was of the party on that occasion, sickened and died, as also did a favourite groom of the Prince. Lord and Lady Londonderry have often played host and hostess to the Prince of Wales, as have the present Earl and Countess of Warwick. The temptation offered by the magnificent shootings of the late Baron Hirsh attracted the Prince so far afield as the heart of Hungary; and the Lord Alington in the west of England, the late Duke of Beaufort, Sir Edward Lawson, who has given the Prince some splendid shooting at Hall Barn, are among the many whose hospitality the Prince enjoys. He does not, however, confine his visits to the homes of English-born aristocracy. Soon after Miss Vanderbilt became Duchess of Marlborough the Prince paid a visit of several days to the stately pile of Blenheim, with which he first made acquaintance when quite a boy. Mrs. Mackay is another American lady who, with Mrs. Arthur Paget, must be reckoned among those who have won his friendship. All the Rothschilds

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have entertained the heir to the Throne from time to time, and he has always enjoyed his visits to houses that are both models of comfort and museums of art. The Duke of Richmond, an old and faithful servant of the Queen, and a very true friend of the Prince of Wales, has often received His Royal Highness with the Princess and their sons and daughters at Goodwood House, for the Goodwood week. In this ducal mansion the Prince and Princess are superbly lodged, in rooms that are crowded with exquisite pictures, rare old furniture, and art treasures of every sort. The Prince has also been more than once at Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. He found his principal amusement there in going over the great racing stables of the late Duke. On one occasion he spent Goodwood week at the delightful place of Mr. and Mrs. William James, with whom he has also stayed during the shooting season.

One of the most interesting visits ever paid by the Prince and Princess, and one they genuinely enjoyed, was to Penrhyn Castle, the seat of Lord Penrhyn, owner of the famous Bethesda slate quarries. On that occasion, after the Prince had been to the Eisteddfod, Lord Penrhyn took his Royal guests

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over the quarries, where a large blasting was arranged, and where they also witnessed the interesting process of cutting up Duchesses, Countesses, and Ladies, the names by which the different-sized slates are known.

To mention the names of courts and countries where the Prince of Wales has been an honoured guest would be to enumerate half the countries and all the crowned heads of the world, for the Prince has travelled everywhere and seen everything. Two incidents, however, are interesting, as showing the strange experiences that he has been through. When he was staying in Egypt, at Esbelieh, he slept in a bed made of solid silver, which had cost over £3,000, while the wash-hand stand was of very ordinary description. Perhaps the strangest place in which he ever found himself as a guest was the zenana of a high-caste native in India, a sanctuary within which no other white man has ever been permitted to set foot. His visit to this particular zenana was arranged with some difficulty, but it duly came off, and the Prince was immensely interested and impressed by all that he saw there.

A decided *cachet* is given to any hostess whose dinners or parties are honoured by the Prince of

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Wales, while a country-house visit at once places the entertainer in the ranks of the best set; and many a young bride, either from America or from the ranks of English commoners, has at once achieved a position, simply from the fact that the Prince has danced at her ball in London, or spent a few days at her place in the country.

But if the Prince is pleasant as a guest, he is charming as a host. The unlimited hospitality he has shown at Sandringham on every possible occasion has been made more delightful and acceptable by his geniality, and by the thoughtful pains he takes to please each individual guest. So far, indeed, does he carry his care that once, when he knew a worthy gentleman of somewhat infirm habit was expected, he himself selected an apartment on the ground floor for him. A particularly pleasant form of entertainment that supplements house parties at Sandringham takes the form of simple evening receptions, the invitations to which are frequently taken by the Prince himself. On these little evenings the guests as they arrive are ushered into an anteroom, from which they walk in single file to the drawing room, where the Prince and Princess receive them. Music, a conjurer, or sometimes mere-

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ly chat, while away the evening, at the end of which a sit-down supper is served. When at Sandringham the Prince makes a point of receiving with the greatest cordiality any relations or friends of his neighbours and tenants, even though they are not personally known to him. The evening skating parties and the three delightful balls that have been discontinued since Prince Eddy's death, further help to enliven the neighbourhood.

At Marlborough House entertainments are of necessity on a more formal scale, though on one occasion at least a delightful impromptu party was given by the Prince and Princess. They with other Royalties had been present at a great fancy ball held at Willis's Rooms, to raise funds for the Walter Scott Memorial at Edinburgh. The ballroom was very crowded, and as the evening wore on the Prince elected that he and his friends should return to Marlborough House for supper. After a merry meal the party set to work to dance till daylight.

It was this entertainment that made the Prince think out the great fancy dress ball that he gave on the last Friday in July, 1874. The feature of the evening was a series of quadrilles, arranged according to costume, and danced by the most important

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of the Prince's guests. The first was Venetian, and was led by the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck. The second was of the Vandyke period, in which the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Teck took part. The "Cards" quadrille was arranged by the Princess Christian and Princess Louise; the "Fairy Tales" were chosen by the Duchess of Buccleugh and the Duke of Connaught; and a quaintly prim "Puritan" quadrille was arranged by the Dowager Lady Radnor, who was then Lady Folkestone. For that famous ball the great lawn at Marlborough House was entirely covered in by a tent, where supper was served, and dancing lasted till nearly six in the morning.

Favourite entertainments of the Prince at one time were breakfast parties, which he gave at Chiswick House, and to which smart society drove out in the summer mornings. It is some time now since there has been a ball at Marlborough House, but for many years the Prince received society annually at two big balls, and often gave small dances and children's parties. The second ball was always fixed for the last Friday in July, three days before the Royal family left London for Goodwood. No other hostess of any position ever entertained that

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night, which was always set aside for the Princess, and as the close of the London season.

The principal entertainment of the year nowadays at Marlborough House is the Derby dinner, a feast given since 1887 on the evening of each Derby Day to the members of the Jockey Club. The guests are all gentlemen; they number from forty to fifty, and include the leading patrons of the turf. The dinner hour is 8.45 P. M., and though the *menu* is not specially short, the meal is, by the Prince's wish, timed to last about an hour. State liveries of scarlet, blue, and gold are worn on this occasion, and the beautiful silver service decorates, with the addition of a few flowers, the long tables in the state dining room. The sideboard, that faces the Prince, makes a splendid show with its load of gold and silver racing cups. On these evenings the Prince always has a string band playing in a saloon outside the dining room. The dinner, which is cooked entirely in the Marlborough House kitchens, is of the very best, and the Prince always expects that his *chef* shall make special effort to introduce a novelty on the occasion. The *menu* cards are extremely plain, having scalloped edges lightly touched with gold, and the Prince of Wales's feathers inclosed

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in the Garter with a crown above are stamped in blue.

The moment dinner is finished smoking begins, and the Prince rises to propose the toast of the evening, the health of the Derby winner. Very soon after a move is made to the drawing room, where whist tables are set out, and where the party play cards or chat until an early hour the next morning.

Like all Royalties, the Prince of Wales now and then prefers to go into society incognito, and with the true spirit of an Englishman he has the strongest dislike to the espionage of detectives and police that in most countries are considered necessary for the protection of such important persons as himself. It was therefore very annoying to him, when the Fenians were threatening death and destruction to the property and lives of the heads of the nation, that the neighbourhood of Sandringham was patrolled by detectives, a large body of whom were sent to guard the farms and houses on the Royal estate. When the Prince was in India, too, he was also rather annoyed to find that the Government considered it necessary to employ large bodies of police to surround the particular palace or hunting camp where he might be. At one time seven hun-

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dred and sixty native policemen were thus told off as a guard for the Prince's person.

His Royal Highness feels this supervision all the more when he is abroad, for when he is at home he often walks in the West End entirely unaccompanied. St. James's Street, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly are traversed by him without his suffering the smallest molestation or annoyance. In this freedom he is aided by the curious fact that there are in society several gentlemen who bear an extraordinary resemblance to him, and who take some pride in dressing and moving exactly like him, so that it is often very difficult to identify him as he passes in the street on foot or in a hansom cab.

Once, when the Prince was in Paris, he flattered himself that he was as free of detectives as he is in the habit of being in London. Attired in a pot hat and a tourist suit he was one morning strolling down the Rue de la Paix when he met a friend, and with some glee commented on the fact that he was for once not being "shadowed" by any members of the police force. His friend congratulated him on the event, but as he moved off he saw that the Prince was all the time being closely watched by three plain-clothes men. When either the Prince

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or the Princess desires to shop or visit in London quite unnoticed, they use a perfectly plain brougham, on which neither cipher nor crest appears. In Cairo and Constantinople the Prince and Princess did most of their shopping on foot, and under the alias of "Mr. and Mrs. Williams." Dressed very quietly and with only a gentleman as escort, they were thus able to visit the bazaars and bargain with the shop people, without being either overcharged or mobbed. On one occasion "Mr. and Mrs. Williams" sat down in a little eating house and ordered a dish of "kabob," a favourite Eastern method of preparing meat.

The Prince often has visited the strangest as well as the poorest parts of London, and though the police who accompany him may guess at his identity they are not expected to reveal it. On one of these nocturnal expeditions he saw all over the Chinese opium den made famous by Charles Dickens in "Edwin Drood," but since pulled down to make room for another of "London's lungs."

When the Prince wishes to remain incog, nothing vexes him more than to be addressed or treated as a Royal personage. On one occasion he had arranged to lunch quietly at the house of a friend,

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but his astonishment and vexation were extreme when, on driving up at the hour appointed, he found red cloth laid down everywhere, the hall filled with bowing servants, and the drawing room overflowing with guests who had been bidden in a hurry "to meet the Prince of Wales."

Another stronger proof of the Prince's desire to be allowed to take his enjoyment in a quiet and rational way may be adduced from the etiquette he has instituted with regard to himself at the opera.

Every year he and a few of his most intimate friends subscribe for the sole use of the large omnibus box on the pit tier, at the left hand of the stage. The subscribers to the box may, by the Prince's permission, come and go as they please, but they are specially requested never to rise from their seats and bow ceremoniously when the Prince enters; they are merely expected to make a slight inclination, and to take no further notice of His Royal Highness, who always sits in the corner facing the stage, almost entirely concealed behind the curtains. So little ceremony, in fact, is allowed, that no stranger would ever guess from the demeanour of the three or four gentlemen sitting in the box that the Prince of Wales was there.

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The Prince when still an undergraduate at Oxford made a signal failure in an attempt to preserve his incognito. He wished to come up to London without either his suite or his tutors being any the wiser, and he flattered himself that by the dint of clever management he had left Oxford station totally unrecognised. What was his astonishment, therefore, on arriving at Paddington, at being met by a Royal carriage and pair, and a couple of footmen, who stopped him as he left the train, and gravely asked him where he wished to be driven! It is said that, despite his annoyance, the Prince was equal to the occasion, and, jumping into the carriage, said, "Drive me to Exeter Hall!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE PRINCE'S SET

THE Prince is one of the hardest-worked men in the world, and yet he has fewer real holidays than most people of his acquaintance. Much of his life, it is true, has been spent in what other men might consider to be rounds of pleasure. There is no form of relaxation so delightful as change of scene and foreign travel, but these, to become real holidays, should be very far removed from any form of restraint; and though the Prince of Wales has from time to time spent many months in foreign countries and among strange people, he has nearly always been hard at work the while.

His first important trip abroad took the shape of a visit to Canada, which was purely official, and when he was surrounded by ceremony and etiquette. It is only fair to say that the favourable impression he then made has, more than anything else, cemented the Dominion to the mother country. So

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great was the stress of this long visit that the invitation of President Buchanan of the United States was gladly accepted on behalf of the Prince, who hoped that, under the title of "Baron Renfrew," he would be allowed to secure some little rest. His popularity, however, was so great that the entire United States seems to have made general holiday in his honour, so that the Duke of Newcastle said, "If the Prince remains here much longer there is danger of his being nominated to the presidency, and elected by unanimous consent."

So exhausting, indeed, did the good time arranged for the Prince by the hospitable Americans prove, that he, with the Duke of Newcastle and a couple of friends, was glad to run away to a little village and spend a quiet day pottering about with a gun and shooting rabbits.

Breaks like these are the only real holidays the Prince ever gets, and it is in simple incidents, such as the chat he had with Blondin, the famous rope walker, and the peaceful hours he spent under the roof of Bishop McKinley, that he finds some privacy of life, apart from the pageantry and state that attend so many of his journeys.

The Prince's visit to America ended with an

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incident that was not only quite unrehearsed, but which tested to the fullest extent his powers of courage and endurance. In 1860 American liners were not the floating palaces they can now claim to be, and the Prince's voyage out had been made in H. M. S. "Hero," a frigate. The same ship, under the escort of the "Ariadne," the "Styx," and the "Nile," started with the Prince and his party for England on October 20th; but bad weather drove the "Hero" out of her course, and early in November two men-of-war were hurriedly despatched to search for the missing vessel. The Prince did not reach Plymouth till the middle of the month, after roughing it for several days and living on salt junk.

But it must not be thought that the Prince is at all bored by sight-seeing, however encumbered the process may be with pomp and ceremonial. It must be remembered that he is insatiable in the acquisition of knowledge and as a student of human nature. But, not unnaturally, he sometimes likes to take his pleasures in simple guise, and when in India he had driven in magnificently appointed carriages of state, been carried in the palanquins of mighty Rajahs, and ridden on elephants capari-

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soned with thousands of pounds' worth of embroideries and jewels, he made his desire to see some exquisite mountain scenery and marvellous tropical vegetation the excuse to don a rough suit and pug-garee hat, and with his great friend the late Duke of Sutherland made a day's journey on the engine of the train that carried his party and suite.

When the Prince and Princess first visited the Crimea, every arrangement for their suitable reception and accommodation was made at the various places they stopped at during their trip. But the parts of the tour they best enjoyed were the long drives at breakneck speed over a rough, wild country, and the simple hospitality of black bread and salt that the peasants brought them when they alighted at some poor village.

In December, 1868, the Prince of Wales planned a holiday that, while it must of necessity include a certain amount of state and ceremonial, should also allow several weeks of absolute freedom from court restraint. The only place in the world where it seemed possible for the heir to the English Throne to be thus untrammelled appeared to be—on the face of it—a desert; and the companions necessary to such a brief spell of independence as

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the Prince desired for himself and the Princess resolved themselves into a select few of their very intimate friends. Chief among these were Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, Lord Carrington, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Mr. Oliver Montagu, the Marquis of Strafford, Lord Albert Gower, Mr. Sumner, Major Alison, Colonel Marshall, Colonel Stanton, Captain Ellis, Sir Samuel Baker, Professor Owen, Mrs. Grey, the favourite lady in waiting of the Princess, and a few others. In addition, only the requisite number of dressers, valets, and servants of the Prince and Princess, Peter Robertson, the Prince's favourite gillie, and Allister, the Duke of Sunderland's piper, were taken.

A man would have to be as hard worked and as punctilious in all forms of courtly observance as the Prince of Wales thoroughly to appreciate his happiness when he, the Princess, and their friends left Cairo behind them, and on a series of steamers and dahabiehs turned their faces up the yellow Nile waters to the wide freedom of dead cities and the desert. The party was arranged in a regular fleet of vessels. The "Alexandra," on which the Prince and Princess, with Mrs. Grey, and their valets and dressers lived, was towed by a special steamer.

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There was also a big steamer, on board of which about half the gentlemen were lodged, a steamer used exclusively for cooking purposes, a small tug which towed the provision boat, and "The Ornament of the Two Seas," on which the Duke of Sutherland and the remainder of the gentlemen had their berths. The flotilla was accompanied as far as the first cataract by still another tug, towing a barge on which lived the Princess's white donkey, the Prince's mule, half a dozen horses, and a French washerwoman with her husband and family.

This holiday was one of the most delightful the Prince ever spent. The sport he enjoyed and the researches he made, added to the cheery companionship, the absolute putting aside of all court ceremony, and the open-air life, rendered it a delightful experience. Every available opportunity was seized upon for a picnic, luncheon, or tea, which would be eaten amid the ruins of a temple or under the shadow of a hill. The Princess generally rode her white donkey, and the Prince walked or rode as he pleased. On one occasion the Royal party started out without their steeds, and had to use any they could find in a small village, the Princess be-

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ing content to ride a donkey with an old cushion strapped across its back.

These extremely informal excursions were varied by shooting, fishing, walking, or boating, as occasion offered. There were no regular hours kept, and no functions or entertainments to be taken into consideration. Dinner was the general rallying moment of the day, and by the Prince's wish was always served on the Duke of Sutherland's steamer; and after dinner it was the Prince's greatest pleasure to invite his friends from the other boats to his own, when the Princess would play, and the Prince lead cheery choruses, till one and two in the morning. So little was the Prince bound by any rule, that he would often start at dawn for a long day's sport, while the Princess, if she did not care to ride or walk, used to work, play, or sketch on board her own little dahabieh, which was charmingly fitted up in blue and gold. Bathrooms and dressing rooms were everywhere, and the upper deck was always a picture, with striped awnings, bright rugs, and comfortable lounging chairs. The Egyptian part of this six months' holiday of the Prince wound up with a short cruise on Ismail Pasha's wonderful yacht the "Mahroussa," a most gorgeous boat, the

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rooms in which were furnished like apartments in a palace, with tapestries, gilt furniture, mirrors, gold and silver plate, and wonderful silken hangings. It was said to have cost £200,000; but neither the extravagant decorations nor the luxury of the service at all compensated the Prince for the termination of one of the few real holidays he has ever had in his life.

Of later years, since the Prince's social and business responsibilities have increased, his only holidays, in the true sense of the word, may be said to consist of a short visit to the Riviera during the winter months, and of a three weeks' cure at a foreign watering place at the end of the London season. Life on the Riviera suits him extremely well. He lives with little ceremony, often lunching with a few friends on a yacht, and dining at one or other of the many lovely villas that dot the seaboard. As a rule, he goes about with only an equerry in attendance, and prefers that his presence anywhere shall, as far as possible, pass without notice.

For many years the Prince patronized Homburg for his summer outing. The quiet life, the charming country, and the fact that he met exactly the people he wished to see, endeared this delightful

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spot to him. But the Prince's popularity ended by spoiling both Homburg and his holiday. From being a quiet retreat where he and his friends could pass a pleasant three weeks, unfettered by the rules of court life and unmolested by any business, this favourite spot has lately become the resort of a set of people who believe they imply acquaintance with the Prince of Wales by drinking the waters at Homburg.

Some few years ago the mobbing to which the Prince was subjected at his favourite holiday haunt became so unbearable that he made his annual "cure" at Royal-les-Baines, in Auvergne; but that delightful place was then undeveloped, and the Prince did not repeat the experiment. Later he has patronized Marienbad, where the "cure" is much stronger, and to which the ruck of society has not yet penetrated.

There is no doubt that the Prince thoroughly enjoyed his jaunts to Homburg in the seventies and eighties. There he was able to do exactly as he liked, free to make new friends, at liberty to accept the most lavish or the most simple hospitality, and to entertain whom and where he pleased. At the "Elizabeth" spring, in the morning, he walked first

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with one friend, then with another, and often issued his own invitations to luncheon at Ritter's or the Reirhans by word of mouth. Two or three times during his stay he joined the wonderful picnics in the pine woods, which were arranged for his amusement by Mackenzie of Kintail, whom a society wit nicknamed "The Laird of Tinpail," and for an invitation to which everybody sought in vain. Only intimate friends of the Prince were ever bidden to these entertaining feasts, at which, after luncheon, all sorts of sports and games took place for handsome prizes. The Prince also often strolled to the tennis courts, and more than once presented the trinkets played for.

The only rules he was forced to observe at Homburg were those drawn up by his doctor, which enforced, among other things, early hours. But even those, which were rigidly kept, admitted of attendance at the delightful dances at the Kurhaus, at which all the prettiest and smartest English and American beauties used to appear; of little dinners at Frankfort, followed by a visit to the opera house, and of small parties in the privacy of the Prince's own corner in the balcony at Ritter's Hotel, where he and a selected few of his friends could quietly

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dine. All this served to make Homburg a delightful holiday resort for a man who, all the rest of the year, works as hard as does the Prince of Wales.

A little deer-stalking with such good friends as the late Dukes of Sutherland and Hamilton, the Duke of Fife, Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, Lord Glanesk, and others, generally brought the Prince's holidays to a close, and carried him to the months when his own shoots at Sandringham, visits to the stately homes of the aristocracy, perpetual business calls to London and Windsor, and all the routine of an etiquette-bound life, have to be arranged for and seen through.

But reference to the Prince's holidays would be incomplete without mention of some of those men whom honest friendship, true words, and faithful service have endeared to the Prince of Wales. Referring to the loss of a good friend, Princess Alice said to another member of the Royal family, "Dear Bertie's true and constant heart suffers on such occasions, for he can be constant in friendship, and all who serve him serve him with warm attachment." Since those words were written the Prince has mourned the loss of scores of friends whom he can never replace.

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Memories of Homburg evoke the shadow of Mr. Christopher Sykes, that most genial and good-tempered of men, whose admiration of the Prince of Wales was quite touching. Other friends of earlier days include Lord Dupplin, whom society called "Duppy," and Count Jaraczewski, who rejoiced in the nickname of "Sherry and Whisky," and who for some years was the Prince's partner on the turf.

Among others often seen in the Prince's company when holiday-making, Sir Allen Young, Mr. "Jimmy" Lowther, and Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, were conspicuous. Lord Hardwicke, who from the extraordinary shininess of his hats was called "the Glossy Peer," Lord Roseberry, and Lord Derby claimed his friendship. Admiral Sir George Keppel is a very old friend of the Prince and his family, and the intimacy now includes Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel. Count Albert Mensdorff is a distant cousin and a great favourite of the Prince's, and is a frequent visitor at Marlborough House and Sandringham. Among diplomatists the Prince has perhaps the sincerest friendship for Mr. de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister, affectionately known by his intimates as

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"Blue Monkey." Lord and Lady Farquhar have long been on terms of intimacy with the Prince and Princess, and they are hosts whom their Royal Highnesses frequently delight to honour, both in London and at Castle Rising, their beautiful place in Norfolk, which was let to the Duke of Fife at the time he married Princess Louise of Wales. The intimacy of the Prince with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire is of long standing, as is the affection His Royal Highness bears to Lord Charles and Lord "Bill" Beresford. Mr. Harry Tyrwhitt-Wilson was *fidus Achates* to the Prince, and most clever and tactful in arranging parties and amusements. The Prince's affection for the late Colonel Oliver Montagu dates from his early days, and was most sincere. At his death His Royal Highness broke through his rule, and attended in person the funeral of this very dear friend.

Others, past and present, who have enjoyed proofs of the Prince's friendship include the late Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Aylesford, so well known in smart London society as "Joe" Aylesford, Colonel Fitz George, Lord Albert Paget, Colonel Owen Williams, Lord Carrington, the Duke of Richmond and all his family, Lord and

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Lady Dudley, Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord and Lady Warwick, the late Duke of Westminster, many of the families of Ormonde and Grosvenor, Lord Clommell, Count Kinsky, Sir Eyre Massey Shaw (under whose long reign as Chief of the London Fire Brigade the Prince was present at scores of historical fires), Lord and Lady Cadogan, and Lord Allington, who is distinguished in society as being one of the few entertainers to whose dances the Princess of Wales used to take her daughters when they were young girls.

The Prince's connection with the turf made him intimate with many good sportsmen, among whom should be mentioned the Duke of Portland, Sir George Wombwell, several of the Sassoons, the Rothschilds, the late Lord Sefton, Mr. Henry Chaplin, the Earl of Zetland, and Sir Frederick Johnstone. In this connection must also be mentioned Sir John Astley, "the Mate" who has gone before, while Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Bentick, "Rim" McDonald, Sir William Russell, Lady Dorothy Neville, many of the Churchills and Pagets, Mr. and Mrs. William James, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James, Sir Edward Lawson and his son-in-law, Sir Edward Hulse, Lord

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and Lady Gerard, and Lord and Lady Carnarvon are among the many friends who are left.

Among hostesses, few are more resourceful in providing novel entertainment for the Prince than Mrs. Bischoffstein, whose parties are most amusing. Mr. Arthur Rothschild is also a great favourite with the Prince, and vies with Sir Arthur Sullivan in the arrangement of delightful Sunday evenings, at which the newest of everything is seen and heard. Lord James of Hereford heads the list of the Prince's shooting friends, among whom used to be Sir Charles Hall, Q. C., Attorney General of the Duchy of Lancaster, who first endeared himself to the Prince's heart by the equal skill with which he handled a gun and performed conjuring tricks. Other blanks in the brilliant Marlborough House circles have been left by Mrs. Washington Hibbert, that good Freemason and courteous gentleman Lord Lathom, and that witty and marvellous woman, Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury.

Of the Prince's kindness to artists of all kinds little need be said. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé were frequently honoured by both the Prince and Princess of Wales, who often invited them to play at Marlborough House, and who delighted to spend

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quiet musical evenings at their own residence. The late Sir Frederick Leighton, too, on more than one occasion received the Prince and his family at his beautiful studio, where among most artistic and lovely surroundings the best music was to be heard.

Further evidence of the Prince's amenity and sympathetic tact is found in the sincere attachment that exists between himself and those members of his Household who are brought into almost daily intercourse with him. Lord Suffield, Sir Francis Knollys, and Sir Dighton Probyn in particular, are, by nature of their offices, in most intimate touch with His Royal Highness and his affairs. The fullest confidence exists between the Prince and his officials, who would do anything to serve one whom they regard with deep affection.

Another favourite member of the Prince's Household is Captain George Holford. Captain Holford was at one time equerry to the Duke of Clarence, and the last letter the dying Prince wrote was to this dear friend. After his son's death the Prince of Wales made Captain Holford an extra equerry, and has honoured him with many proofs of his regard and affection.

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The Prince's manner toward those whom he knows less intimately is always cordial and charming. He treats each of them graciously, and wishes them all to regard him as a good and a stanch friend.

CHAPTER IX

THE PRINCE AS A CHURCHMAN

WHEN the Prince of Wales was quite a young man travelling abroad, and while the love of sport of all kinds was running high in his veins, a friend of his, hoping to give him pleasure, proposed to arrange a shooting expedition for a particular date. The offer was exceedingly tempting, but the Prince, after a moment's grave thought, replied, "It is impossible that I should come, for the date you mention falls on a Sunday."

The keynote of the Prince's observance of that day is struck in those simple words. From his youth up he has of his own free will, and out of his firm convictions, kept Sunday apart as a day that should be devoted to religious exercises, quiet family life, and such occupations as entail the least labour on those who are in his service. Sunday at Sandringham is in fact the ideal day of the English country gentleman. A holy peace and calm reign



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over the whole estate, and the air that during the week rings with shots from sportsmen's guns and the whir of the latest improvements in agricultural machinery, is broken only by the sound of the bells ringing the Royal Household and the peasant alike to service in the little church that stands within bowshot of Sandringham House.

It has long been the established custom at Sandringham for the Princess of Wales and the ladies staying in the house to drive through the shrubberies to St. Mary Magdalene, a small church in the late perpendicular style, which stands on rising ground to the left of the Royal residence. Like most eastern county churches, it has quaint battlemented walls, and an old square tower which is seen for many miles around. A small churchyard, as carefully kept by the Prince's express desire as though it were part and parcel of the Royal gardens, surrounds the quaint old building, which nearly forty years ago was in a dilapidated condition, but which has been restored and embellished from time to time by the Prince and Princess, who ask for nothing better than to worship there on quiet Sunday mornings among their servants and their tenants and the humblest labourers on their estate.

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A picturesque lichgate gives entrance to the churchyard, and for the Royal family and their guests there is a private entrance to the church, which is only used when they are at the Hall. The Prince, after a quiet morning cigar, always walks to church with the gentlemen of the house party, and awaits in the churchyard the arrival of the Princess and the other ladies.

Immediately on the left of the private entrance is a row of oak seats, carved in Gothic design. Here the Royal family sit, their guests having similar accommodation on the opposite side of the chancel. The party from York House also have seats close at hand, while the servants of both establishments occupy a certain number of benches in the body of the church.

The little building is full of beautiful things, many of which have a touching reference to some great event in the Prince's family, while others are memorials of relations and friends who have died. Above the Royal seats is a fine painted window, one of four through which the light filters into the sacred edifice. That on the south side of the chancel is in memory of the baby, Prince John, the last child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who

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died on April 7, 1871, a day after his birth. Close to the Royal entrance in the chancel is a fine brass, with an inscription to the memory of Colonel Gray, who held the position for many years of equerry to the Prince, and who was regarded by him as a close and true friend. Almost opposite this brass is another to the memory of the Rev. William Lake Onslow, who long held the living of Sandringham during the earlier years of the Prince's occupation of the estate. He was highly cultured, and the Prince, with his usual quick perception, soon observed that he was a man of attainments, infinite tact, and deep religious feeling. He was admitted to terms of the sincerest friendship in the Royal household, and in such small troubles with the tenants as the Prince encountered during his first years at Sandringham he was always called in to smooth away any difficulty and to make peace. Directly his children were of an age to appreciate and understand religious training, Mr. Onslow was called upon by the Prince to supervise this part of their education. When they were still quite small he used to give them simple portions of the Bible to learn, and hymns suitable to their tender age. At least once a week he held a small religious class at

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Sandringham Hall, and on one occasion when little Princess Victoria had repeated the well-known hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains" quite faultlessly, she was promised the reward of hearing it sung in church the following Sunday.

The reredos of St. Mary Magdalene has been beautifully decorated by the Prince with the finest Venetian mosaic work; and in the church is a very lovely medallion, bearing a profile portrait in marble of the Princess Alice of Hesse, by Boehm, and beneath it a most touching inscription written by the Prince of Wales himself. This memorial is faced by a medallion of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who, though the youngest of the Queen's children, and precluded by his delicate health from joining in the active sports of his more robust brothers, was regarded with the deepest affection by the Prince of Wales, whose grief at his sudden death at Cannes was most profound. Other medallions recall memories of the late Emperor Frederick, whose untimely death has always been mourned by the Prince, and of the Duke of Clarence, the favourite son of his mother. The beautiful lectern is a thank offering that was given by the Princess to the church on the recovery of the

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Prince of Wales from his terrible illness in 1871.
On it is engraved:

To the glory of God,
A thank offering for His mercy,
14 December 1871.

ALEXANDRA.

"When I was in trouble, I called upon the Lord,
and He heard me."

When the establishment at Sandringham is in full swing, the list of visitors who are invited to stay there from Saturday till Monday generally includes a notable divine, who is expected to preach on Sunday. Men of almost all opinions have stood up in the carved pulpit, but the Prince follows the Queen's example in preferring short to lengthy sermons. At the same time, whether the preacher be brilliant or dull, the demeanour of the Royal family in church sets an excellent example to the rest of the congregation. The Prince's natural gravity is always heightened at these times, and he is most attentive to and observant of the entire service. The Princess of Wales's devotion when in church is most touching. Prince Eddy, whose likeness to his mother extended to more than outward resemblance, was always very thoughtful and attentive, and the young Princesses follow the service

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with devout attention. All the notable clergy of the last half of the century have spoken in that quiet country church, but the Prince's favourite preachers were Dean Stanley, the Rev. Charles Kingsley—whose special delight it was to spend a Sunday at Sandringham—and the famous "Jack" Russell, one of the last as he was one of the best of the old-fashioned sporting parsons. The Rev. John Russell was one of the keenest men who ever flung his leg across a horse, and his love of sport was so thorough that a great joke sprang into existence in the Prince's family when he once delivered a sermon at Sandringham on the text, "Foxes have holes."

Other Sunday visitors include ministers of state, naval and military men, and artistic celebrities. Sir Frederick Leighton was a favourite guest. Lord Beaconsfield openly declared that he preferred the delightful home life and quiet peace of a Sunday at Sandringham to anything else in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone also visited there, but the great Prime Minister preferred solitary rambles during the afternoon to the pleasant strolls about the farms, stables, and kennels that the Prince and the rest of the party generally enjoyed.

Service over, the hour before luncheon is occu-

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pied either in visiting York Cottage, walking to some farm where improvements are in progress, or to the houses where Jackson, the gamekeeper, or Brunsdon, who looks after the pets, lives. After luncheon the whole party sit or walk in the grounds, taking tea either at "The Folly" or the Princess's dairy. Before dinner the Royal family and their guests generally drive to the church at West Newton, or to St. Margaret's, Kings Lynn, which was restored as a thank offering for the Prince's recovery, at a cost of nearly £7,000.

The church of St. Peter and St. Paul at West Newton has from the beginning been a favourite place of worship with the Prince of Wales. In architecture it is very like St. Mary Magdalene, only the nave is divided from the aisles by a splendid arch, said to be over four hundred years old. The Prince has spent thousands of pounds on this church, and has practically, at his own expense, restored it from foundation to roof. It is full of the most interesting memorials, most of them offerings of gratitude, given by the Royal family and the Prince's friends in thankfulness for his restoration to health. The organ was presented by the Queen, and the beautiful communion plate that enriches

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the altar was given by the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. The Duke of Cambridge gave the altar cloth. The east window was put in by Mr. Christopher Sykes, and the stained-glass window at the west end of the church was an offering from the brothers and sisters of the Prince of Wales; beneath it is a shield bearing their coats of arms. A third window, representing SS. Peter and Paul, was given by the Grand Duke of Hesse, and opposite is one representing SS. Cecilia and Gregory, given by gentlemen who hold responsible positions in the Prince's Household. Set in the north wall of the building, that they may be truly called an edifice of memorials, is a brass on which is inscribed, "This church was restored and the north aisle rebuilt by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Lord of the Manor, and Patron of this Living, 1881."

When the Prince of Wales first bought Sandringham, and with it the little church of St. Mary Magdalene, the local ideas of organ playing and choral services were crude in the extreme. The Princess and Mr. Onslow for some time tried to remedy the existing state of affairs, and by their own efforts to some extent improved the singing, choosing the best voices they could find among the

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servants, stable hands, and men employed on the estate; but the organist was beyond redemption, and every week acutely tried the Princess's good nature by his wretched efforts. The Princess, with her usual kindness, begged as a personal favour that he should not be sent away abruptly, saying that it would be unkind to hurt his feelings when he had done nothing really wrong. For some time, therefore, the Prince tolerated this most discordant state of things; but on one occasion, when Gladstone was staying at Sandringham, the music on Sunday was unusually bad; and when the service was over, the Prince, who feared that such faulty playing would distract the attention of the congregation, said to the Princess and Mr. Onslow, "Come here, both of you," and followed this abrupt summons with an announcement of his firm determination to dismiss the offending organist there and then. Since those times great pains have invariably been taken with the choir at St. Mary Magdalene. The service is fully choral, and is beautifully rendered. The Princess herself frequently attends the practices, and often sends down to Mr. Hervey, the present rector, an intimation as to the hymns she would prefer for Sunday. The homely peace of Sunday even-

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ing at Sandringham is, by the Prince's wish, often accentuated by the singing of hymns, which the Princess herself likes to play.

When the Prince is at Marlborough House he often "commands" one or two musicians for the evening, to sing and play music of a serious character.

In other respects a Marlborough House Sunday is very quiet. The Prince and his family invariably attend service in the morning, often at the Chapel Royal, and the Princess sometimes goes to a children's service or flower service in the afternoon. For many years the Prince and Princess went on Sunday afternoon to St. Anne's, Soho. Toward the end of the season, when London becomes unbearably hot, the Prince leaves town from Saturday till Monday, and either spends a very quiet day on the river with his friend General Owen Williams, or joins a small house party at the Duke of Devonshire's seaside residence, Compton Place, near Eastbourne, or at one of the splendid country seats in the vicinity of London that his friends possess; but wherever he may be, church service is the first and most important obligation of the day, and invariably precedes an afternoon on the river,

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or a stroll round the stables and gardens of his friends.

While he was at Oxford the Prince was remarkable for his punctual observance of the rules that govern attendance at prayers. The day after he became an undergraduate was St. Luke's Day, and he walked from Frewen Hall, where he lived, to cathedral service at Christchurch at eight o'clock in the morning. On other days he attended college prayers in Latin, which were read at 8 A. M. in the winter and 7 A. M. in the summer term. In 1861 these Latin prayers were discontinued, college prayers in English being substituted. It was noticed by the authorities of the University that whenever the Prince paid a visit to some country house in the neighbourhood of Oxford for an afternoon's shooting, or for an evening's dancing, he was always in his place at the appointed hour for prayers the following morning. On Sunday afternoon, during his year of Oxford life, the Prince generally went to hear the University sermon at St. Mary's. He kept up the same strict observance when he was at Cambridge.

It was while the Prince was at Oxford that he first came under the direct influence of the Rev.

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Arthur Stanley, who subsequently proved such an important guide in his life. Despite Stanley's theological opinions, which scarcely agreed with the views of the Queen and the Prince Consort, Her Majesty sent for him a month after Prince Albert's death, and begged that he would accompany the Prince of Wales on a journey to the Holy Land, which it was deemed advisable that His Royal Highness should take for the purpose of distracting his mind from the great sorrow he suffered at the loss of his father. During an interview with General Bruce, the Prince's governor at that time, who was authorized by the Queen to sound Stanley on the question of this journey, it transpired that Prince Albert had said that Dean Stanley was the only man in Oxford to whom he would intrust the religious training of the Prince of Wales. Though Stanley's mother was dying at the time, he acceded to the request of the Royal family, and consented to accompany the Prince on what proved to be a most interesting and instructive tour.

It is quite clear that the Prince of Wales undertook his trip to the Holy Land determined to profit by all that he saw there, and with the intention of realizing in his mind the thoughts and conceptions

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he had formulated in his study of the Scripture story. He was extremely anxious to go everywhere and see everything, though it is noteworthy that he approached no spot out of mere vulgar curiosity, but always in the most reverent spirit. Every arrangement was made by General Bruce, and both attention and honour were shown to the Prince wherever he went. The Turkish Government permitted him to enter shrines that had never been opened since the days of the Crusades. Thus the tomb where Abraham is supposed to be buried was thrown open to him, though the guardians of it informed His Royal Highness's attendants that only to the eldest son of the Queen of England would they have accorded this great privilege. The special request made to the Prince that he would not enter the shrine of Sarah, being that of a woman, was courteously acceded to by him; and although he was most anxious to enter the tomb of Isaac, he consented to view it only from the outside, on being told that Isaac was proverbially a jealous man, and it would be very dangerous to do anything to annoy him.

In every way the Prince of Wales laid aside his own convenience and suppressed his own wishes

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when it was a question touching the susceptibilities of others. His consideration, however, did not always meet with the reward it deserved, for when he made his entry into Damascus, the Mussulman population at large refused to render any act of courtesy or civility either to the Prince or any member of his suite. During this most interesting tour Dean Stanley not only studied with the Prince every evening the history of the places visited during the day, but acted as chaplain to the party; and on Easter Day, when the party was on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias, he administered the Holy Sacrament to the Prince and others.

The Prince paid another visit, some years later, to the Holy Land, taking the Princess with him. On this occasion it was feared that a disturbance would take place, as the Prince particularly wished to enter some sacred shrines wherein no Christians had set foot for over a thousand years, and it was considered dangerous for the Prince to make the attempt. His usual tact and courtesy, however, overcame all difficulties, and the visit passed off most successfully.

Almost directly after his marriage the Prince of Wales invited Dean Stanley to Sandringham, to

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make better acquaintance with his beautiful bride, and to instruct the Princess in such differences as exist between the English and Danish Church services. It was Easter time, and the Prince was as usual going to take the Sacrament on Easter Sunday. Easter Eve was passed by the Prince and Princess in consulting with Dean Stanley, when the Communion Service was carefully gone through and explained to Her Royal Highness. It was then that the Dean learned what a truly religious woman the Princess was, and he always rejoiced in the fact that he administered the first English sacrament to one whom he always spoke of as "the angel in the Palace."

Neither the Prince of Wales nor the Princess are merely theoretical "good people." Their charity is immense, and is seldom, if ever, advertised. They both have passed many anxious hours planning and devising for the good of their fellow-men, and more especially for the lower classes, with whom they are personally brought in contact on their estate.

The Princess in particular is remarkable for the good works she actively performs, while the truth and beauty of her religion are well known to all

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those who have sat Sunday after Sunday with her in the little church at Sandringham. During the greatest trials of her life—the terrible illness of the Prince of Wales, and the crushing loss of her elder son—the Princess has always found her greatest consolation in religion. The only times she ever left the sick-beds of her husband and her son were to steal away for a few minutes' prayer in church. The first act of the Prince and Princess of Wales after His Royal Highness's illness was to go to a quiet little thanksgiving service at St. Mary Magdalene, where the few people who were present were struck by the expression of thankfulness and adoration on both their faces.

Whenever the Prince is travelling, Sunday is always set aside as a complete day of rest, and little short of actual necessity or press of business induces His Royal Highness to travel on that day. When the Prince is at sea, he always prefers to read prayers himself on Sunday morning to the assembled officers and crew of the ship. Every Sunday that he was on the Nile all the people from the various boats and steamers that made up the expedition were expected to appear at morning prayers, which were read most impressively by him.

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When he went to India, the Rev. Canon Duckworth, and Mr. York, who was chaplain on the troop ship "Serapis," used to hold morning service on the quarter-deck every Sunday. There was a harmonium, which one of the bandsmen played, and the Prince's chair was always placed beside it. The Royal suite, his friends, and Captain Glynn sat immediately round him; and at right angles to them were grouped the officers of the ship. Opposite were placed the choir, the crew, and marines, and beyond these the servants. The service was always fixed for a quarter to eleven o'clock, and was most impressive. When the weather was bad, service was held in the saloon; but at no time during his long absence in the East has the Prince ever been known to omit a due and proper observance of Sunday.

A strong note in the Prince's religion is the extreme reverence he has for the dead. When he visited the Crimea he was deeply moved and troubled to find that the burying places where the English lay were in a shocking condition of neglect. Many of them were almost obliterated for want of care, and there was frequently no record of the names of those who lay beneath

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the sod. So deeply did the Prince feel on this subject, that on his return to England he agitated very strongly for some improvement in this matter, and worked so persistently at the question, that at length the late Lord Clarendon, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had to take steps to inclose the graves of the men who had fought and fallen for their country. It was then that the Prince visited with great interest the house where Lord Raglan had lived, and where a small tablet had been let into the wall to his memory. Lord Raglan's heart was buried just outside the house, beneath a marble slab on which this fact is recorded.

The little churchyard that lies about Sandringham church, and is scarcely divided from the grounds of Sandringham Hall, is a model of what "God's acre" ought to be. The Prince from the first took the greatest pains to keep in repair the few tombs of former owners of the property. Here and there a simple headstone records the fact that beneath it lies a faithful servant of the Prince.

Here, too, is buried his youngest son, beneath a simple grass mound surrounded by gilt railings. On the cross is the baby's name, the date of his death, and the text, "Suffer little children to come

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unto Me." The funeral of the baby Prince was as simple and touching a sight as could be seen. The tiny coffin was carried to the graveside by an old servant, and the Prince and his young children were the only mourners. Some half dozen of the tenants were allowed to be present and to shower flowers on the grave before it was filled up. The whole ceremony might have been the quiet funeral of a humble countryman's child.

It was the earnest desire of both the Prince and Princess that their eldest son should be buried at Sandringham, under the shadow of the church where they have suffered so much and rejoiced so greatly. But heirs to the Throne can not be buried without pomp and ceremony, and the Prince was finally convinced that a state funeral was the right and proper thing for one who, in the ordinary course of events, would have worn the Crown of England. But the simple services at Sandringham, and the tender sympathy of his humble neighbours, were more consolation to the Prince in his hour of trouble than the magnificent state ceremonial that took place a few days later in the gorgeous chapel of St. George at Windsor.

If the Prince were not really a religious man,

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he would probably profess the Church's outward form from a sense of duty and responsibility to the people, but it is more than mere conventional good example that takes the Prince Sunday after Sunday to divine service.

His views are decidedly broad, and he prefers that a service should be choral, and accompanied by due observances and dignity. Yet his admiration for the picturesque has never induced him to attend service in anything but an English church, although he has of course visited as a sight-seer all the great cathedrals in Europe. The Prince was once in Rome at Easter, a time when the rest of the world puts aside all religious conviction and flocks to see the splendid ceremonials at St. Peter's, or at other famous fanes of the papal city. Yet the Prince on Easter Sunday, when people of every sect and religion were crowding into Roman Catholic churches, went quietly into the plain little English church, remarking as he did so that when Church of England people were in Rome they should be more than usually particular to uphold their own form of faith.

CHAPTER X

THE PRINCE AS A PATRON

THE days of patronage as a part of the household expenses of every great man have long since passed. There was a time when the old vestibule of Marlborough House was filled during a great portion of every day with better-class beggars of all kinds. Ragged geniuses, poets with manuscripts in their pockets, artists with drawings and paintings in portfolios, soldiers who sought promotion, waited the great man's pleasure and the great man's purse. Even Dr. Johnson, as we know, had to wait long, and knew the bitter heartsickness of such hope deferred. It is well for art and literature that such patronage has ceased, though certainly those times produced greater literary and artistic giants than the present age. We have nowadays no Johnsons, Swifts, Goldsmiths, or Popes, and it is remarkable that the only men who have risen to eminence in poetry during the Victorian era have been men

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whose circumstances have allowed them that leisure which the higher cultivation of the Muses requires. Browning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, and Swinburne have all been far removed from want, and it is possible that if patronage were still popular, natural genius would become more fruitful. Be this as it may, many opportunities for patronage have been taken out of the hands of the Prince of Wales by the circumstances of the times, so that needy genius does not come under his immediate notice.

The Prince had therefore to seek far and to seek carefully to find worthy objects for patronage within the scope of his income. According to his means he has done well; he has always been ready to lend his time, his patience, and his purse to anything which he has found worthy of his attention. The establishment of the Royal Academy and its banquet have brought into only too sudden notice any budding Joshua Reynolds or any coming Constable, while the enormous growth of the daily and weekly press provides an opening for literary genius and merit. With pictures and poetry and letters thus supported, the Prince of Wales turned his attention to music. All his life he has been a de-

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voted patron of the opera and the better forms of musical expression. The radical papers frequently gibe at fashionable ladies who, they allege, only support opera for a few weeks between half past ten and eleven. This charge is unworthy, for it is fashionable people who support all the better and more costly forms of art. The best pictures are found in the best houses, expensive editions are only preserved in established libraries, and the best music and the best singers in the world are listened to by fashionable London.

The Prince of Wales taught smart society to support the opera. We may be an unmusical nation as a whole, and music may be an acquired taste with us, but the fact remains that London has become its headquarters, and an undoubted fact that the Prince has taught fashionable people by his example to be in their boxes or their stalls when the curtain rises, and that it is bad form to leave them except at proper opportunities.

When, after the death of Sir Augustus Harris, the opera was in danger of becoming a mere commercial speculation, the Prince came forward and supported an artistic syndicate with his purse. It can not be argued that His Royal Highness only

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upheld opera because it was a fashionable lounge, for there is very little of this about the performance of Wagner's "Ring." For a busy man, after a tiring day, to be dressed and in his place at 6.30, and to go without any proper meal till midnight, is scarcely the act of a *flaneur*. Nor can it be argued that the Prince's patronage of Wagner was only a flitting social craze, such as the sudden rage for blue China, or the transient partiality for a particular breed of lapdog. Such statements can not for a moment stand in the face of the Prince's years of hard work that culminated in the founding and endowing of the Royal College of Music. Nothing but a sincere love of music, and a firm determination to make England a music-producing country, could have survived the very carping criticism which his attitude on this subject inspired. The Royal College of Music was not likely to produce in the first six months, or even the first six years, Purcells, or even Balfes and Vincent Wallaces, and it was scarce likely that Peckham and Wandsworth, Clapham and Cornwall would suddenly develop a Mario, Julini, Trebelli, Patti, Norman, Neruda, Piatti, or Paderewski. It must be evident, therefore, that the Prince's patronage was

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hardly likely to bring him immediate fame, or even instant praise.

As to the theatres, it is often said that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft did much for the play when they took the Prince of Wales's Theatre, hung curtains in the private boxes, and spread antemacassars over the backs of the stalls. It is a popular belief that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft opened the Prince of Wales's Theatre with one of Tom Robertson's plays. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bancroft was not a partner, or even the husband of Marie Wilton, when she first went into possession of the little house off Tottenham Court Road.

Marie Wilton and Henry J. Byron were the first lessees and managers of that theatre, and they did not produce any of the now famous Robertson comedies, nor were they at all successful when they started business. Success only came when the Prince of Wales discovered the great qualities of Tom Robertson's cup and saucer comedy "Society," which Alexander Henderson had produced in Liverpool, and brought all the fashionable world to the Prince of Wales's Theatre to see it. His taste is good, and he has done much in an unostentatious way for plays and players ever since. That he is a

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sound judge of real merit is well illustrated by a story which the late Sir Augustus Harris used to tell against himself.

Circumstances once compelled him to put a comic-opera tenor into a grand opera part, and when the Prince met him, he said, "I see, Sir Augustus, you have found a new tenor." "Yes, sir," said the manager, "I hope he meets with your approbation." "Well, I don't think much of him," said the Prince of Wales. Determined to turn the occasion to his profit some way, Sir Augustus fell back on the excuse that the singer was an Englishman, adding, "It is only fair to give every one a chance of showing what he can do, sir." "In that case," said the Prince, "I suppose you are going to bring out my old friend Christopher Sykes as a barytone," and the apt *reductio ad absurdum* left the clever manager at a loss for a reply.

It is a popular belief that the Prince's visits to the playhouse are by invitation. This is an error. The Prince makes his own selection of the theatres he will visit, after consulting with his friends, and he pays, and pays handsomely and promptly, for his box. He is the best critic possible, easily amused at light plays and quickly interested in stronger

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forms of dramatic art, and is only bored when a play is not as good as it pretends to be. When he is pleased with a play, he is a walking advertisement for it. He goes among all his friends, and says: "You must go: it is excellent. Let me know as soon as you can what you think of it." Then within twenty-four hours the Bond Street libraries are besieged, and the street in which the lucky play-house stands is filled with smart carriages. But even when the Prince is bored he is generous. If he does not like a play, he will try and praise the scenery or the costumes. Even if these are not to his taste, and the acting is generally bad, he will pick out some one who is good for favourable comment; and, of course, when once the manager is sent for, no one is to know that his account of the interview is a little overcoloured. The Prince's patronage has thus saved many a tottering manager from bankruptcy. He is as punctual at the theatre as at the opera, and during the performance he always keeps a smiling face and remains to the end. His good sense and dislike to ostentation soon put an end to the ridiculous old-fashioned custom of the manager receiving Royalty and walking upstairs backward with a pair of lighted candles in his hand.

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He also did away with the inconvenience of the curtain being kept down till he arrived, and he has allowed it to be known that he strongly objects to the National Anthem being played as the signal of his arrival. Indeed, he gives less trouble than the majority of his inferiors. The Royal party always enter a theatre very quietly, and the most that they demand is that the Princess may look at the manuscript of the play, either before or during the performance, and that the Prince may have an opportunity of smoking a cigarette between the acts.

Though the Prince of Wales has never been an advocate for minor actors and actresses getting, as they call it, "into society," he has received the more representative of the theatrical profession, and has entertained them at dinner at Marlborough House. Nor did his patronage end there. For many years after his father's death the Queen's retirement brought an end to the "command" performances, which were so frequent—and so popular—when Charles Kean was Master of the Revels. The Prince's good sense saw that the appointment of a Master of the Revels was very undesirable. It had led in the old days not only to a great deal of jealousy and heartburning, but to the scandalous ap-

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pearance of an actor at a police court, offering as a protest the paltry sum which he had received for performing before Her Majesty, to the Poor Box. The Prince, however, was anxious that the Queen should not entirely neglect dramatic literature; so, when Her Majesty was visiting him at Abergeldie Castle, he brought over a provincial company one evening to perform "The Colonel," then a popular play. It came upon Her Majesty as a surprise, and she was delighted.

The Queen's old love for the theatre came back, as the Prince knew it would, and his very clever piece of diplomacy led to Her Majesty commanding Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Cathcart to appear before her at Osborne. She subsequently had performances by all the principal players and singers at Osborne, Balmoral, and Windsor. The Prince has never been injudicious enough to make a friend of an actor, but he has frequently supped with Sir Henry Irving at the Old Beefsteak Clubroom in the Lyceum Theatre, and it was by the Prince's advice that he was knighted. He was also friendly with Mr. Toole at one time, though his pleasure in the society of players is, needless to say, much exaggerated by them. The Prince of Wales also

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broke down the foolish old prejudice against Music Halls by taking the Princess to a box at the Alhambra. He has, however, hardly more than tolerated the appearance of members of the aristocracy on the stage, and his daughters are perhaps the only members of the Royal family who have not played at acting, and this though private theatricals were very popular in the Queen's nurseries, and the Prince on more than one occasion took part in these childish performances.

CHAPTER XI

THE PRINCE AT PLAY

THERE is scarcely a pastime or sport that the Prince of Wales has not some knowledge of, for he not only likes to see everything wherever he goes, but also as far as possible to try his skill at any fresh game that he meets with. As children, he and his brothers were fascinated by the game of "soldiers," encouraged by permission to build in the grounds at Osborne a fort, which, though in miniature, was complete in all details. The Prince always regretted that the form that his education took prevented him from becoming an adept at cricket and football. A story is told to the effect that, playing in a cricket match at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, he not only missed two easy catches in the field, but when he went to the wickets succeeded in securing a "duck's egg."

During the Prince's residence at Oxford and at Cambridge he spent many happy hours on the river,

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and during "Eight's Week" at Oxford was to be seen every evening on the Christchurch barge, watching with the deepest interest and excitement the "bumping races" between the rival colleges.

For many years the Royal family always wound up Ascot week by giving a water-picnic on the beautiful lake at Virginia Water. On these occasions boats and water-velocipedes were provided for the Prince and his friends, and he himself liked nothing better than to do an hour's hard rowing before they landed and dined in the little Swiss cottage that overlooks the lake. These cheery informal gatherings generally wound up with a small dance, at which the Prince and Princesses, all in morning dress and boating flannels, used to enjoy themselves immensely.

During his University days the Prince also took up hunting, but a somewhat serious accident he had when at Cambridge rather subdued his ardour in the field, and of late years, though he has often ridden to cover, and played host at the most delightful lawn meets at Sandringham, he has given up following hounds. He has always been a great supporter of the chase, and despite the strictness and care with which game-preserving is con-

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ducted on his estate, he is never averse to young foxes being laid down at the outlying farms, and is most anxious that when meets are held in the neighbourhood of Sandringham good sport should result. Early and constant training as a horseman has given him an excellent seat. Nowadays he requires a weight carrier, but he is as much at his ease in the saddle as in an armchair.

When lawn tennis was first introduced, the Prince, whose marvellous energy never found sufficient outlet on a croquet lawn, went quite wild about the game, and played it on all possible occasions. So devoted was he to this capital form of exercise, that when the "Serapis" was being equipped for the tour to India, arrangements for playing tennis on deck were insisted upon by him. In the hottest weather, when most of his suite and friends were exhausted by the tropical climate, the Prince would rush into flannels and play deck tennis until his partners and opponents cried him mercy.

Real tennis, the modern equivalent of the famous old French game *jeu de paume*, is almost the only game that is too fast for His Royal Highness. Only those who know it by experience can realize

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the violent strain on the muscles and the strenuous exertion that are needed to make a good tennis player. But the Prince, if he does not play, loves to watch this game, and is an excellent judge of form and style. His son-in-law, the Duke of Fife, has a tennis court at Sheen, and whenever a good match is being played there the Prince likes nothing better than to drive down to see it. A few of the Prince's friends also have tennis courts, and when he is visiting them a match is often arranged for his amusement.

Quoits was another favourite game with him on shipboard, and was afterward introduced at Sandringham, by using ladies' silver bangles, which with great dexterity he would toss over the slim fingers of their owners.

The Prince's love for a game of bowls is well known. He is very proud of the bowling alley he built at Sandringham, which is considered, for perfection of arrangement and appointments, the best in England. A favourite time with him for a game is, as we have seen, the hour before dinner, or before going to bed.

His billiard room is equally well arranged, and he and his daughters handle the cue with very fair

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success. The Prince was taught billiards by the father of John Roberts, the champion.

It is generally considered that, of all amusements, games at cards stand first in his affections. It has even been said that he can not go through twenty-four hours without cards in some form or other. It is needless to say that this sweeping assertion is absolutely devoid of truth; the Prince thoroughly enjoys a game of cards within the limitations that bind a man who is enormously busy, and whose social duties frequently absorb his leisure hours.

During the whole time he was travelling to and from the East, and while he was taking long journeys through India and Ceylon, he only once sat down to a rubber of whist, and this although he had with him intimate friends and men whose tastes were presumably akin to his own. It is on record that this single game, which was started by the players under tropical circumstances and in the lightest clothing, was very soon brought to an end, as the heat was too great for the exertion of laying the cards on the table.

In clubs also the Prince does not play cards, and he has over and over again made it his serious

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business to dissuade younger men than himself, or the sons of old friends, from forming the habit. It is of course true that he has often played cards and enjoyed the pastime, but to assume that he pursues this amusement to excess, or that he shows a bad example to less level-headed men than himself, is as absurd as it is untrue.

Of dancing the Prince of Wales has always been extremely fond. For many years his friends declared that he danced the Highland fling better than any one in the kingdom, and during his annual holidays in Scotland torchlight dances or balls at which reels, jigs, and flings were prominent in the programme, were the Prince's delight. At the balls that he gave at Sandringham he himself was an indefatigable dancer. Never resting himself, he never permitted any one else to show fatigue, and if for a moment he pleaded exhaustion, the supper interval and his indomitable spirits always set him going again for another two or three hours. The slow waltz never found favour in court circles, where the German or "hop" waltz alone is danced.

The Prince is as fine a skater as he is a dancer. When quite a little boy he and the rest of the

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Queen's children were put upon skates and taught to get about on them, so that by the time he was a young man he was a graceful and expert skater. His year at Oxford was marked by a long and severe frost, and every afternoon he found special pleasure in going with a few friends to the flooded and frozen Christchurch meadows for a couple of hours' skating. It was during this frost that a great firework display was given on the ice, and the Prince, whose love for fun of all kinds was irrepressible, was chief among the party that undertook to let off the squibs and crackers, rockets and Catharine wheels.

To gratify his taste for such displays during his holidays, there have been arranged, in the various cities he has visited, the most elaborate fireworks and illuminations that ingenuity can devise. The Easterns are adepts at the pyrotechnic art, and more than once the Prince has been astounded at the beauty and the lavish cost of the illuminations arranged for his amusement. On one occasion, when he was at Constantinople, the sight of the Golden Horn, the Piræus, and the quaint old city itself picked out by millions of lamps, was, the Prince declared, one of the most beautiful he had ever seen.

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Hockey has always been a favourite game, and the Duke of York has inherited his father's love of this manly sport. Whenever the lakes at Sandringham are frozen over, the Prince and those of his household who can play immediately begin to practise hard. The neighbours receive challenges to matches, and the greatest fun and enjoyment result from this delightful exercise.

During the terrible winter of 1894-'95, when for many months every lake and pond in the country was icebound, the Prince of Wales, who was spending some weeks in London, instituted a Sandringham hockey team, which daily challenged other teams, captained by friends of the Royal family. The matches took place on the big lake in Buckingham Palace Gardens. On these occasions the Prince of Wales was captain of his team, which generally consisted of the Duke of York, Mr. Frank Mildmay, M. P., Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord Ananley, Mr. Ornley Davenport, M. P., the Hon. E. Stonor, and Mr. Ronnie Moncrieffe. The Prince used to play as "back," and the Duke of York was the most active of the "forwards." A ball was used instead of a bung, with the result that play was extremely fast and falls numerous. One of the best

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matches was played against the House of Commons, for whom appeared among others the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Lord Stanley, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and Mr. Victor Cavendish.

The sports thus instituted by the Prince on the ice were so excellent that one day Her Majesty spent some hours in the gardens enjoying the fun; while the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of York, the young Princesses, and many of their friends used to watch the play every day. The cold that winter was intense, and it was often only possible to play from midday till two o'clock. As the February days lengthened, however, and the frost still held, these hockey matches began at three and continued till five. Great braziers of coal warmed the air in the vicinity of the spectators, and from a small tent hot soup, coffee, and drinks of all kinds were served.

Much of the Prince's most enjoyable hospitality at Sandringham has taken the form of ice parties. Whenever the lakes on the estate are frozen and fit to skate on, the Prince sends out invitations broadcast, bidding his neighbours and his tenants spend every evening on the ice so long as the frost lasts. Everything is beautifully arranged, ample illumina-

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tion is given by charcoal fires, torches, and lanterns, while lavish refreshments are served from cosy tents. The Prince himself will often stop skating for an hour, to see that his guests are warm both without and within. With his genial face beaming, he passes to and fro carrying negus and soup to the ladies, and it is always noticeable that his kindly attentions are not measured by the rank of the recipient. The farmer's wife receives the same courtesy and charming kindness from his hands as his own family, or any great lady who may be present. The villagers on these occasions are cordially invited to come to the park and watch the sport, which by the Prince and the Royal Family is always conducted with the greatest vigour and animation.

When the frost has given and warmer weather sets in, the good fellowship that binds the Prince to his country neighbours does not cease. When he is at Sandringham he gives up many afternoons to the patronage of village sports, at which he likes to distribute prizes, and to encourage fun and activity by his own example. Any games that may be going on at West Newton, Dersingham, or Kings Lynn are always certain of the Prince's support and



A GARDEN PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM

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presence, and he laughs as heartily as any school-boy at the struggles that attend the tug of war, or the comic misfortunes of the aspirants to the prize at the top of a greasy pole.

For fishing the Prince of Wales never had much taste. It is too quiet, one might almost say too lazy, a sport to appeal to him. His own lakes at Sandringham have been carefully stocked with black bass, and when he is in Scotland he sometimes, though very seldom, goes out with a rod and fly. Both the Duke of Clarence and the Duchess of Fife have, however, been ardent followers of this sport. The Prince at one time had a fancy for netting fish, and when on the Nile worked hard at dragging in some nets that had been set near a large sand bank. He also once got a thorough wetting in the surf outside Goa, when he persisted in helping the sailors to haul in a huge seine net, and waded and paddled about in the surf with as much animation and energy as a longshoreman. The Prince was delighted with this sport, and returned to the "Serapis" wet to the skin. Neither he nor any of his brothers, except the Duke of Coburg, have been good swimmers. On one occasion, when the Prince and the Duke were deer-stalking

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in Scotland, the stag they had wounded swam into the middle of a small loch. It was necessary that the animal should be put out of its misery, but, on cross-examining the hunting party, it was discovered that no one was sufficiently at home in the water to swim far enough to despatch the quarry except the Duke of Coburg, who promptly swam out and killed the deer.

The Prince of Wales has always been devoted to the sea. His yachting experiences began almost with his life, and it is said that only in the English Channel has he ever felt the effects of *mal-de-mer*. As a yachtsman, and as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Prince has been a great success. His ardent patronage of Cowes Week and other regattas on the south coast have done much to bring those functions into a fashionable and flourishing condition. When, on July 18, 1887, the Prince of Wales was gazetted "Honorary Admiral of the Fleet in Her Majesty's Fleet," certain radical papers criticised the appointment in most unmeasured terms. They were, of course, quite unaware that, as a practical sailor and manager of a yacht, he had no rival in the Solent. The Prince is a capital steersman, and knows more about the

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general management of a ship than the majority of yachtsmen.

When the Prince owned first the "Aline," and later the "Britannia," his racing yacht that was built under the advice of Mr. William Jameson, His Royal Highness swept the board of prizes. For at least two seasons the "Britannia" was the most successful large racing yacht afloat. At the Prince's wish she was often steered by Mr. Jameson, in whom the Prince had the greatest possible belief. He generally was on board during the progress of an important race. Many of the finest cups and pieces of plate that grace the sideboard at Sandringham and Marlborough have been won by the Prince at regattas; but it is characteristic of his open-handed generosity that all prize money won by his yacht has been given to Captain Carlin and the crew, in addition to the handsome pay they always received.

That the Prince is a good sailor is easily seen by any one who may be with him on board a yacht or steamer. He quickly settles down into the rather cramped surroundings, and, whatever the weather may be, is to be found in the smoking room or the saloon; on the captain's bridge one hour, and down

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in the engine room another. On one occasion, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were making a short trip on a magnificently equipped yacht belonging to the Viceroy of Egypt, a sharp storm came on. The Royal party were at dinner at the moment, and the table was set in honour of the guests not only with the most beautiful plate, but with china of great value. The first pitch of the ship sent these costly things, as well as all the wine and food, on to the floor, where a moment later the Prince and Princess and the rest of the company also found themselves. Their Royal Highnesses were luckily good enough sailors to disregard such an awkward mishap, though they regretted the destruction of the Sèvres dinner service and of the beautiful cut glass which a moment before had been glittering under the lamps.

Of late years the Prince has patronized the sport of pigeon-flying. He and the Duke of York own several very valuable birds, and he has won more than one of the leading races instituted under the rules of the National Pigeon-Flying Club. His birds are bred and kept at Sandringham, and are a source of great interest and amusement to him.

Among the Prince's minor hobbies must be

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mentioned that of collecting arms of all kinds. Both his town and country house are veritable armories, and a picked selection from the swords, guns, pistols, spears, shields, and weapons of offence and defence of all kinds, would result in a collection perhaps the most valuable in the world. The Prince also takes considerable interest in the hobbies of his children. He himself has from time to time added rare carvings to Princess Maud's almost unique collection of ivories; and the Duke of York, who is a great buyer of stamps, invariably enlists the Prince's interest when he has acquired a more than usually rare specimen.

Chess, which was a favourite game with Prince Leopold, is not popular with the Prince, for he has never had opportunity to master the game. He is a great tricyclist, and both in the gardens of Marlborough House and in his own ground at Sandringham is often to be seen on an excellent machine, which has been made especially for him. His latest acquisition in vehicles is, of course, a motor car. The moment the construction of motors became improved the Prince had one built for him by Hooper, who has made most of his carriages, and took lessons in the art of driving it. His first motor was a

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Daimler, the engine being made at Coventry; the carriage is very light and smart. A few months later he ordered another of a different make, and is now often to be seen driving his horseless vehicle over the country roads round Sandringham.

CHAPTER XII

THE PRINCE ON THE COURSE

IN breeding and running race horses of the first class the Prince is following in the footsteps of a long line of Royal patrons of the English turf. "The sport of kings" first made a mark in this country in 1377, when the Prince of Wales, who afterward became Richard II, matched a horse against one belonging to the Earl of Arundel. The owners rode, and the Prince was beaten, but subsequently bought the winner for a sum equal in our days to about £4,000. Henry VIII kept a fine stud, which included several Arabs. His daughter, Queen Elizabeth, went a step farther, and not only had many horses in training, but attended race meetings and arranged matches herself. In those days Croydon was a fashionable course, and Queen Elizabeth seldom failed to attend the races there, using a grand stand that had been specially built for her at an outlay of thirty-four shillings. James I of Eng-

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land was the first king who brought Newmarket and its now celebrated Heath into vogue; and Charles I and Charles II also kept the ball of racing rolling right royally.

There has been much discussion as to whether the Mr. Oliver Cromwell who owned race horses was the great Protector, or merely a relation of that personage; but there is no doubt that even in the Puritan days horse races, or "matches" as they were more generally called, were a popular form of amusement. James II was as poor a patron of the turf as he was a king, but William of Orange was a thorough sportsman, and the course of his reign was marked by the institution of innumerable "King's plates" and the breeding of some really fine animals. Queen Anne was a thorough sportswoman, and her colours were over and over again seen on the turf. At York she won the Gold Cup in 1712 with a gray gelding, "Pepper," and "Star" was another first-class racer belonging to her. The Ascot meeting was founded by Queen Anne only three years before her death, when she gave a handsome cup and attended the races. The general conditions of Ascot were vastly improved by the Duke of Cumberland, who was called the "Father of

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Ascot," and was the breeder of the celebrated "Eclipse."

Ascot in 1768 witnessed the extraordinary exhibition of a lady riding one hundred miles in ten hours for a bet of £5,000 made by her husband. The gentleman further offered to stake another £5,000 that his wife would eat a whole leg of mutton and drink two bottles of claret into the bargain. Although the first two Georges did little to encourage racing, and George III merely contented himself with presenting a cup to Ascot for horses hunting with the Royal hounds, the Jockey Club was founded in George II's reign, and speedily proved itself a very useful medium for formulating rules and suppressing abuses on the turf.

The Prince Regent was a thorough turfite, and his hunting stables cost him enormous sums of money. He and the Jockey Club fell out with regard to his jockey, Sam Chifney, who was accused of pulling a horse. The Prince was so angry at the Jockey Club for insisting that Chifney should ride no more, and for saying "no gentleman would run against him," that he gave up the turf until after he came to the Throne, when in 1826 he again raced, his registered colours being blue body, red sleeves,

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and black cap. His brother, the Duke of York, also raced in a sportsmanlike manner; and when William IV came to the Throne, he ran in that same year the first three for the Goodwood Cup. It was William IV who gave the hoof of "Eclipse" mounted in gold to be run for by horses belonging to members of the Jockey Club at Ascot.

The Queen first went as a young girl to Ascot in 1834, taking part in the Royal Procession that George IV with his love of pageantry had introduced. Her Majesty went again in 1838, and in 1839 witnessed a very fine race for the Ascot stakes. She was much amused on this occasion by the winning jockey, a boy called Bell, to whom she gave a £10 note, at the same time asking him his weight. Bell replied ingenuously, "Please, ma'am, master says as how I must never tell my weight to anybody."

Since those days, racing, race courses, and grand stands have been immensely improved, and the Pavilion at Ascot, which sixty years ago was but a very rough erection, is now a charming rendezvous. The drawing room is hung with a pale-green paper, broken with sprays of foliage here and there. The hangings and upholstery are of cream cretonne pat-

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terned in soft green. The dining room, to which, on the Tuesday and Thursday of Ascot week, luncheon is always sent over from Windsor Castle, is arranged to look like a tent, the roof and walls being draped in white linen striped with a china-blue pattern. The Grand Stand at Ascot was built by a company in 1839. It was nearly burned to the ground in 1856, and in later years has been considerably improved. The little box close to the course at Ascot was always known as "Weatherby's pew," for the late James Weatherby, head of the firm that issues the "Racing Calendar" and the "Stud Book," always sat there from the beginning to the end of every Ascot meeting.

Although the Prince of Wales has from time to time expressed his opinion regarding the arrangement made for admission to the Royal Inclosure at Ascot, the subject has little to do with His Royal Highness's private life, and need not be touched on here.

When racing at Newmarket, the Prince of Wales generally occupies a suite of rooms at the Club. They are comfortable, and very conveniently near the Heath. Goodwood meeting, differing from all others, partakes of the nature of a delight-

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ful picnic. One or two days during the week the Prince lunches with those with whom he is staying. On other days he strolls about among his friends, taking lunch or tea at the tables spread under the trees—a fashion which has lately superseded the picnics on the grass.

It is not to be wondered at that the Prince should have taken so keenly to the glorious sport of racing when almost every one of his ancestors had been its patrons. From the first he proved himself an adept in all turf matters, and it was a matter of regret that luck was so often dead against him. His first trainer was John Jones, who lived at Epsom, in a house built by the late Lord Dupplin. Here the Prince sent his steeplechasers to be trained, and here he often passed a pleasant hour chatting to his trainer and going over his stables. John Jones began life in the stables of the well-known trainer, Fothergill Rowlands, of Pitt Place, but when he set up for himself he won the patronage of Colonel Arthur Paget, Lord Charles Beresford, "Tops" Hartopp, Mr. Arthur Coventry, as well as of the Prince of Wales and his commissioner, the late Count Jaraczewski. In his drawing room he had lithographs of the Prince and the Count,

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signed by themselves and presented to him in remembrance of the victory of "Playfair," the horse he rode in March, 1882.

The small boy Jones who won the Prince's second Derby for him with "Diamond Jubilee," and has since piloted that horse to many a great turf victory, is one of John Jones's sons, whom the Prince took into his racing stables with another of his brothers, in grateful remembrance of a faithful servant. Young Jones has well repaid the Prince's kindness, for, though he started as the humblest stable lad, the fact that "Diamond Jubilee" would allow no one else to touch him or to cross his back, ended by bringing the boy into the position of the most famous jockey of his year.

Although the Prince's luck with "Persimmon" and "Diamond Jubilee" came after years of waiting, no victories have ever been more popular than those won by his horses. Both these great racers were bred by him at Sandringham, while a four-year-old called "Sandringham," who was full brother to "Diamond Jubilee" and "Persimmon," was bought at a high price for America.

"The Prince and Princess want to see Jones up in the box." Such was the message brought to

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Lord Marcus Beresford, in the unsaddling paddock at Epsom, a few minutes after "Diamond Jubilee's" jockey had been passed by the clerk of the scale on the memorable Wednesday, May 30, 1900.

"All right," replied Lord Marcus Beresford; "I'll send up the boy on a tray."

The present Prince of Wales has inherited a taste for "the great game" from the Georges, and the vast improvements on the turf are due as much to the aptitude, love of sport, and, above all, even mind, of His Royal Highness, as to any amendment in the morality of the period. The Prince has had his share of losses and ill luck, and while he can bear success with the calm front of a paladin of old, those who noticed his face all wreathed with smiles as he conversed with the daughter of the owner of "Merman," close to the weighing room, just after the defeat of "Diamond Jubilee" at the first July meeting at Newmarket, 1900, can testify to the fact that he is as good a loser as ever registered racing colours.

For years before success came to him at flat-racing the Prince of Wales dabbled in the sister sport—in the dark ages of the early sixties it was

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called the "illegitimate sport"—of steeplechasing. His first horse was an imported Arabian, which was under the charge of the late Mr. Fothergill Rowlands, at Pitt Place, Epsom. His Royal Highness had not long returned from his visit to India, where at that time the Arab was more esteemed for fleetness than is the case at present. At all events, "Alep" proved himself to be no match for even a fifth-rate English race horse, and not long afterward the Prince sent a few jumpers to train with John Jones at Epsom, under the supervision of Lord Marcus Beresford, to whose guidance in racing matters he has trusted ever since.

His most successful steeple chaser was "Magic," a brown gelding by "Berzerker," bred in Ireland. He twice carried the Royal colours in the Grand National Steeple Chase at Aintree, finishing, in 1888, eighth to Mr. "Eddy" Baird's "Playfair." On this occasion "Magic" was ridden by Arthur Hall, head lad to the stable, and an excellent jockey; and the following year the trainer, Jones, had the mount, and "Magic" was ridden into fifth place, the winner being Mr. Maher's "Frigate," ridden by the redoubtable "Tommy"

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Beasley. "Magic" won many steeple chases while in the possession of the Prince. Among his principal successes may be mentioned the Grand Sefton Steeple Chase at Aintree, worth £420, in 1888, and the Prince of Wales's Steeple Chase of £239.19s., at Derby, in the following November. In 1889 the old brown won the Great Lancashire Steeple Chase at Manchester, worth £875; and during his career between the flags he carried off many smaller events. He could not be called a steeple chaser of the highest class, and as a dreadfully hard puller he wanted a man with "hands" on his back, and did not always get him.

With "Hohenlinden" the Prince took many minor events, poor "Roddy" Owen being in the saddle on more than one occasion. "Hettie," a chestnut mare by "Sir Bevys" out of "Emblematical" (the breed read like jumping), won him a good race or two, after having been purchased from Mr. Ronnie Moncrieff. "The Scot," a chestnut gelding by "Blair Athol," was a comparative failure over fences. It was just after this chestnut had taken part in the Grand National of 1884 that a telegram was placed in the

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hands of his Royal owner, announcing the untimely death of his brother, the Duke of Albany.

Although in June, 1883, His Royal Highness nominated Mr. Pierre Lorillard's "Iroquois" (the Derby winner of 1881) for the Stockbridge Cup, we do not find him as an owner of flat-racers till some years afterward. His knowledge of racing was, indeed, limited, as the following little story goes to prove. While on a visit to his training quarters early in the spring, conversation arose in connection with a three-year-old filly. "I'm afraid, your Royal Highness," said the trainer, "I shall not be able to get her ready in time for the Oaks." "Well, it doesn't matter," was the reply; "if she doesn't win the Oaks this year she might win it next."

The first win for the Prince on the "flat" occurred in a selling race at Goodwood in 1889, with "Galliglet," a chestnut colt by "Energy" out of "Fanchette." The stakes were worth £102. A similar sum was won—also in a selling race—for him by "Shamrock II," by "Petrarch" out of "Skelgate Maid," in the Boveney Plate at Windsor the same year, the winners being subsequently purchased by Sir Charles Hartopp. For purposes of easy reference, a table of the Prince of

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Wales's winnings may be given from 1889 to 1899, inclusive:

1889 won	£204	1895 won	£8,281
1890 "	694	1896 "	26,819
1891 "	4,148	1897 "	15,770
1892 "	190	1898 "	6,560
1893 "	372	1899 "	2,189
1894 "	3,499		

In 1891 his two-year-olds, possessing such promising names as "Luck," "Success," and "Triumph," failed to score. "County Council" won him the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, value £550, while on the "Imp" the "purple and red sleeves" were successful in the De Trafford Handicap at Manchester (£437), the Ascot High Weight Plate (£555), and the Drayton Handicap at Goodwood (£202). With the three-year-old filly "Pienetic," by "Mask" out of "Poetry," His Royal Highness won twice; the Esher Stakes at Sandown Park (£925), and the Portsmouth Park Inauguration Stakes (£415). In this race the Royal colours were worn by Richard Chalmer, who in 1891 could ride 6 stone 8 pounds.

In 1892 the horses belonging to the Prince of Wales and Baron Hirsh left Kingsclerc, John Porter having, as he thought, too many to superintend,

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and for other reasons which need not be mentioned here. To Richard Marsh, at the palatial Ellesmere House, near Newmarket, the Royal horses were intrusted, and at about the same time a Royal stud was founded at Sandringham. Here the mating of "Perdita II" (a Hampton mare formerly the property of Lord Cawdor) with "St. Simon" produced the flying "Persimmon," whose own brother "Florize" had just previously made a profitable little bit of turf history on his own account. As a four-year-old he, in 1895, won six races out of the seven in which he took part for his Royal owner, viz., the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Epsom (£177), the Prince's Handicap at Gatwick (£875), the Manchester Cup (£1,947), the Ascot Gold Vase (£580, and vase), the Goodwood Cup (£390), and the Jockey Club Cup (£390).

The *début* of his two-year-old brother "Persimmon" was made at Ascot, in the year just named, and was naturally looked forward to with considerable excitement. It was in the Coventry Stakes that he made his first appearance. The opposition was weak, Melo, Dynamo, and Gulistan being the mounted attendants on "Persimmon," who won easily by three lengths.

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A still worse lot opposed him at Goodwood, in the Richmond Stakes, when he easily landed the odds of 2 to 1. But he met defeat in his third race as a two-year-old in the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket, in October, which was won by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's "St. Frusquin," who beat the "flying" mare "Onladina" by half a length. "Persimmon" was third, five lengths away, and that his form was not true was shown conclusively ere many months had elapsed. In the Derby of 1896 "Persimmon" beat "St. Frusquin" "with all out" by a neck; and although the tables were once more turned, and "St. Frusquin" was half a length in front of the other, it was at an advantage of three pounds in weight, and the Prince of Wales's horse was probably the better animal of the two over a long distance.

1896 was, as may be gathered from the above table, a great year for the Prince, who, besides taking the Derby, the Leger, and Jockey Club Stakes—one of the "ten-thousand-pounders"—carried off the One Thousand Guinea Stakes (which was worth £1,500) at Newmarket with "Thais," a weedy daughter of "St. Serf" and "Poetry," who never won another race. In 1897 "Persimmon"

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won the Ascot Cup (value £3,380), and later on the Eclipse Stakes (value £9,285), and he afterward retired—all too soon in the opinion of many—to the stud, at which, should his stock justify, or even partially justify, the prices paid for certain yearlings, he should be even a greater success than his illustrious sire.

As for the Derby hero of 1900, "Diamond Jubilee," he has not yet put the seal on his fame, and it will be time enough to jot down his record twelve months hence. But mention must be made of "Ambush II," who in the hands of Anthony so gallantly won the last Grand Steeple Chase for his Royal owner. "Ambush II," who is a brown gelding, five years old, by "Ben Battle" out of "Miss Plant," has more than once distinguished himself over a country, and ran fairly well in the "National" of 1899 when palpably overtrained, and it is quite possible that another victory is in store for him at Aintree.

The scenes on Epsom Downs on both occasions of the Prince winning the Derby have been unparalleled in the history of the turf, for the public always love a good sportsman, and appreciate to the full a man who has pluckily faced so many defeats.

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The winning of "Diamond Jubilee" was a great surprise, for the horse was reputed to have a very cranky temper. As is usual on such occasions, a new set of the Prince's colours—purple body, red sleeves, and black velvet cap trimmed with gold—had been made for this race, but for fear the brilliant silk should upset the horse, Jones, by the Prince's wish, wore a faded old jacket. It was an extraordinary coincidence that both "Persimmon" and "Diamond Jubilee" ran the Derby in identically the same time, which proved to be a record, of 2 minutes, 42 seconds. The Prince and all the Royal party went into the paddock to see the horse saddled, and His Royal Highness had a narrow escape from being badly kicked by "Revenue," an excitable chestnut who was letting out in all directions after the Woodcock Stakes.

It is needless to say that the Derby dinner, at which the Prince has entertained the members of the Jockey Club at Marlborough House since 1887, had an added interest on the occasions when the Royal host himself was unable to propose the toast of the "Winner of the Derby."

The Prince of Wales has in his stables at Sand-

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ringham a few interesting relics of the turf, which are placed among the many mounted hoofs and portraits of old favourites. Among these are a racing saddle used by Fred Archer, and a girth in the Prince's racing colours. He also possesses the shoe worn by "Ormonde" when he won the Two Thousand, the Derby, and St. Leger, in 1886. The Prince has had it gilt and framed. An interesting present made to the Prince by the late John Porter is a memorial tablet in silver, with monograms of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and "Ormonde's" own name worked in that horse's hair on white velvet. Round the tablet are the names of thirty-three famous winners, also worked in their own hair. A relic of past racing days that the Prince values is a picture of "Baronet," the property of the Prince Regent, ridden by Sam Chifney in 1791. This horse won races at Ascot, Lewes, Winchester, and Canterbury, always with that notorious jockey on his back. Chifney's peculiarities were evidently different from the methods adopted by latter-day jockeys. He invariably rode with a slack rein, and depended on a big rush to bring him in at the finish. After he was warned off the turf he fell in evil ways, and

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died at the age of fifty-two, in the Fleet Prison, for debt.

The Prince's racing career has lately become so interesting that it will be closely followed, not only by racing men, but by all who believe in perseverance and fair play.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE

THE love of shooting may be said to be a positive passion with the Prince of Wales. His negative position in the State, and the fact that, as a member of the Royal family, he has been precluded from taking the active part in political life that he would have chosen, has forced him of necessity to cultivate other tastes. Had he been encouraged in his young days to take a deeper interest in public affairs, he could not have devoted so much of his spare time to a sport which has literally become the love of his life.

That a taste for the chase was inherent in him may be inferred from the fact that the Prince Consort, though never a very good shot, was a thorough sportsman, and most patient and painstaking in the pursuit of game of all kinds. Prince Albert showed from the first that he believed in the cultivation of open-air sport as an important factor in the up-

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bringing of children. The Prince of Wales was only a child of seven when he was first taken out on a deer-stalking expedition by his father, and taught the various methods of successful approach to such wary quarry. All the Queen's sons were early instructed in the use of firearms, and it is not astonishing to find that, during the Prince's residence at Oxford as an undergraduate, he frequently took the chance of a day's shooting over the large estates in the neighbourhood, and that, when a little later he visited the United States as Baron Renfrew, a day's rest, which was deemed necessary for his health after a long course of travelling and entertainments, was devoted to sport.

It was during the Prince's residence at Cambridge University that he first became aware of the extraordinary game-preserving facilities of the eastern counties. Nowhere is it possible to cultivate rabbits and pheasants as in Norfolk and Suffolk, and it was this fact that largely influenced the Prince in his choice of a country residence. When he bought Sandringham from Mr. Spencer Cowper, the house itself, the farms, and the estate generally were utterly out of repair, but money and perseverance speedily put matters on a better footing,

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and in ten years from the time he entered into possession the Prince's "big shoots" were already becoming famous. Although he never permitted anything to interfere with the hours of work he devoted to the rebuilding of cottages, churches, and farms, much of the rest of his time as a young married man was passed in riding over the estate, and personally supervising arrangements for the preservation of every kind of game that could be kept there. The sandy soil about Wolverton was arranged as rabbit warrens; certain parts of the woods were at once utilized as pheasantries; keepers' cottages were built in sunny spots that would facilitate the hatching out and rearing of young birds; a small patch of heather land was stocked with grouse that the Prince imported from the Yorkshire and Scottish moors, in the hope that they would breed and thrive so far south. The Prince also, in consultation with his head keepers, mapped out the estate into a series of drives, and settled on the procedure that was to govern the big battues that he and the other famous shots brought into fashion.

A battue, or big shoot, at Sandringham is an important event that occurs only a few times during

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each year, when house parties, assembled either for the Prince's or Princess's birthday—both of which fall in the middle of the shooting season—and for the Christmas holidays, always include among the number of guests from four to six crack shots, who enjoy what is practically the best shooting in England. On each farm at Sandringham a game-keeper and one or two assistants always live, in a cottage built for them on the property. These keepers are expected to supervise the preserving of game, to guard against every kind of poaching or starvation, and to report regularly to the head keepers the approximate number of hares, rabbits, partridges, and pheasants that they believe are on the farm. These reports are from time to time laid before the Prince, who, with his head keeper, decides where and how the battues shall be arranged. To such a state of perfection has game-preserving been carried at Sandringham, that on a late summer afternoon the roads surrounding the estate are often filled with pheasants feeding, and one convoy of partridges after another tops the hedgerows. A walk across the fields will put up plenty of hares, while rabbits about Wolverton swarm.

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Mr. Jackson is now the head gamekeeper at Sandringham, and has a charming house on the estate. It is his duty to rear ten thousand pheasants a year, the eggs for which are placed in Hearsons's incubators until within four days of hatching, when they are intrusted to barndoor fowls, of which at least one thousand are requisitioned for mothering purposes.

The task of looking after one thousand hens sitting in one thousand hatching boxes is enormous, and the successful end of the hatching season is always welcomed by Mr. Jackson. When hatched out, the young birds are arranged in pens, to be carried in their coops all over the estate on trolleys built for the purpose. Every farm has to keep, rear, and grain-feed a certain number of birds. They are only turned out when they are practically full grown, but the long period of feeding on grain, and the great care that is exercised in their rearing, make them plump, white, and tender.

The day before a battue, notice is given all over the estate, and particularly at the farms in the vicinity. All work has to be stopped, and on the morning of the day itself no one is expected to show himself on the roads or the surrounding hills except the

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people engaged as beaters. All farm machinery has to stop working, as the Prince insists that the birds shall not be disturbed by any kind of noise, save by that made by the boys and men whose business it is to drive them toward the guns. Soon after dawn a number of lads and farm hands, with blue and red flags, are taken to their places by the keepers, who wear the Royal livery of green and gold. The beaters wear smocks, with a hatband of scarlet, to distinguish them from any stray yokel who may try to intrude himself into the day's proceedings. Mr. Jackson goes over the whole ground on a sturdy cob to see that the men are properly disposed. Game carts are sent betimes to the various spots where the fire is expected to be hottest, and by about eleven o'clock, when all is ready, the wagonettes and country carts containing the Prince and his guests arrive on the scene. The Prince's party seldom exceeds eight or ten guns, and it is needless to say that they are chosen by him for their skill. Every sportsman works with two loaders, and from two to four guns.

The sight, when the driven birds finally rise with a whir of wings just above the guns, is most extraordinary, and is only to be seen on es-

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tates that are as carefully preserved as that of the Prince.

His Royal Highness had for many years an attendant called Robertson, who loaded for him. Robertson was a typical broad Scotchman, and was as devoted to good sport as is his Royal master.

The Prince of Wales is considered by good judges the best shot in the kingdom. His most successful efforts are overhead shots at rocketers. The guns used by him at a big shoot are hammerless, and always of the latest pattern. Purdey, Holland, Grant, and Lancaster are but a few of the leading makers who annually add beautifully finished weapons to the gunroom at Sandringham. This apartment, lined with glass cases, shows a splendid collection of the finest possible sporting guns of every calibre, as well as various ornamental weapons which have been presented to the Prince from time to time.

The spot for luncheon at a Sandringham battue varies, according to the arrangements made for the day's sport. When the rabbit warrens are shot over, the midday meal, which is always substantial though plain, is served in the rooms the Prince added to Wolverton Station. Sometimes notice is

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sent to a farmhouse that His Royal Highness and his party will take luncheon there, but the favourite rendezvous is a delightful little cottage called The Folly, which is built in a small plantation overlooking the public road. In the summer the Princess often has tea there. When the weather is sufficiently fine, and no building is within easy access, a tent is put up, and the lunch sent from Sandringham Hall is laid therein.

Hares are driven in the same way as pheasants, and the boys who are employed to wave their red and blue flags to prevent the birds from flying back from the guns are equally useful in preventing the timid creatures from escaping. As the party moves from place to place, underkeepers go over the ground and collect the wounded game. The Prince always has the result of the day's sport laid out for him to see before it is carried to the game larder, which is the second largest in the world, and can hold over six thousand heads.

The game book at Sandringham is most accurately kept, and reference to it shows that every year the results of the battues are larger. From 1870 to 1880 the season's head of game varied between sixty-eight hundred and eighty-seven hun-

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dred. Since 1880 the bags have grown from ten thousand to sixteen thousand, this latter figure being reached in the big shoots in 1885-'86. The average result of a single shoot is nowadays between two thousand and three thousand head of game, of which the greater number are pheasants. When a clearance of rabbits is necessary at Wolverton, a large party of first-rate shots is invited, and six thousand are generally killed.

The Dersingham Woods, Woodcock Wood, and the copses that are called Comodore Wood, are the favourite places for a big pheasant drive. Sometimes the shoot is at Flitcham, sometimes in the near neighbourhood of Appleton or West Newton. In fine weather the Princess and such ladies as are staying in the house generally join the sportsmen at luncheon; but it is a noteworthy fact that both the Prince and Princess have steadfastly set their faces against the latter-day fashion of ladies walking with the guns.

The Prince's sport has not been by any means confined to shooting among the preserves and woods of the south of England. Deer-stalking is with him a most popular form of sport. During his residence at Abergeldie Castle, where at one time

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he spent many weeks every autumn, he was out in the forests and across the moors almost every day with his gun. In those days he was very fond of shooting grouse over dogs, and only quite late in the season cared to sit in a butt for a grouse drive. His friendship with the late Duke of Sutherland, his son-in-law the Duke of Fife, Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, and Colonel Farquerson of Invercauld, not to mention scores of other owners of deer forests, has been cemented by the excellent sport these gentlemen have shown him.

With his brothers and a few friends, the Prince likes nothing better than a day's stalking. He does not fear the exposure to weather, or the long hours of crawling among stones, through mountain streams, gorse, and heather, so long as the end of the day shows a bag of several head of deer. The custom at Abergeldie was that, at the end of a day's sport, the bag with great formality was laid out by the gillies on the drive before the porch. This still prevails at Mar Lodge, and after dinner the Prince and all his guests come out and comment on the size, weight, and tines of the deer. The pipers are present, as a matter of course, and all the gillies and servants stand round with torches, making a most

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picturesque scene. Toasts are given and healths drunk, and sometimes the Prince and his visitors fling themselves into a Highland dance, and open an impromptu ball that lasts for two or three hours.

Since the Prince has given up Abergeldie Castle, and done so much of his deer-stalking from Balmoral and Mar Lodge, he has frequently spent several days at a time at a small house on Dee side, called The Hut. It is a modest little shooting-box, containing two sitting rooms and half a dozen bedrooms. The room generally used by the Prince is simply upholstered in pretty chintz of blue and white. The dinner and coffee services are decorated with the Prince's feathers in blue. Here he delights to enjoy a few days' rest with a friend or two as appreciative of good sport and fine scenery as himself.

The Prince has not only stalked deer in Scotland, but from time to time has had splendid sport with the Emperor of Germany and the Duke of Coburg in the immense forests of central Europe. On these occasions game and deer of all kinds are driven, and the bag is eminently satisfactory to such thorough sportsmen.

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He also visited the late Baron Hirsh's enormous estates in Hungary, where game of all kinds absolutely swarmed. Baron Hirsh's game larder, larger than that at Sandringham, is acknowledged to be the biggest in the world, and is capable of holding nearly ten thousand head. Deer, chamois, wild boar, and roebuck were all found in the Baron's forests, besides herds of many kinds that are never seen in our islands. An ordinary day's bag for a party of ten guns included nineteen hundred hares and three thousand partridges, besides several hundreds of different kinds of ground game and birds.

Whenever the Prince goes on a shooting visit he takes his own gillie and loaders, who have complete charge of his guns, and always attend him during the day's sport. It was Peter Robertson, his favourite gillie, whom the Prince chose to accompany him both to Egypt and India, where he knew that the finest big game shooting was to be had. As his trip to the Nile was a complete holiday, it was only natural that such time as the Prince had to spare from visiting ancient ruins and studying the relics of the past should be given to his favourite sport. His greatest ambition at first was to shoot crocodiles, with which the Nile toward the

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first cataract literally swarms. It is interesting to know that the patience displayed by him during the many days in which he unsuccessfully essayed to stalk these wily animals was something quite exemplary. He often was out, and hidden behind stones, or lying in the ooze on the Nile banks, before six o'clock in the morning, and would spend many hours in a tropical sun without food or comforts of any kind, in the hope of getting a shot at a crocodile. Sometimes he and his companions spent the whole day lying in hollows dug in the sand, without even the sight of a scaly monster to reward their patience. Needless to say that after these long efforts the Prince's first crocodile was made the occasion of a regular *fête*. Even the Princess was greatly excited on this occasion, and went out in a small boat, so that she might have a near view of the creature.

When no crocodiles were reported in the neighbourhood, the Prince would spend a whole morning in a punt, going after flamingoes, spoonbills, and storks. On one occasion he came back with twenty-eight flamingoes, a bag of which any one might be proud. At other times he would go after duck in the punt, and pelicans, and never failed to

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return with an interesting bag, the more rare items of which he always had stuffed and set up by the taxidermist on board the steamer. On this expedition the Prince spent several nights out of bed in the hope of shooting hyenas. These expeditions were not crowned with success, and proved very exhausting, as these beasts only leave their lairs at night. He was luckier on his visit to the gigantic tomb of Rameses IV, where he caught an enormous bat.

It was when returning from this trip that the Prince stopped the boat on which he was travelling home, and landed on the Albanian coast for a long day's wild-boar hunting. The work on this occasion was very hard, and the bag comparatively small, nevertheless the Prince was delighted with the novel experience.

The next time he went after "pig" was in India, when he indulged in the dangerous sport of pig-sticking, for which he showed considerable aptitude; but he was badly mounted on that occasion, and his English horse, which had never been trained to the sport, practically spoiled the day for him. Those of the party, however, who were more suitably mounted managed to get several pigs, so that

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the Prince, though he did not share in, at least witnessed the fun. On another expedition, at which the Prince was much to the fore, he succeeded in sticking a pig.

The ambition of all sportsmen, however, turns to what is known as big game, and His Royal Highness's greatest longing from the moment he set foot in India was to hunt elephants and shoot tigers. He did both under circumstances of considerable danger but with immense success. He killed his first tiger in Nepaul. A few days later he bagged no fewer than six in a morning, two of them being killed with single shots. The Prince on these expeditions astonished even those who knew him best, by the coolness and courage with which he faced these terrible animals. He would measure his distance with the utmost confidence, and wait for the proper moment to lodge the ball in a fatal spot. Native dignitaries, who had been accustomed more or less all their lives to shooting tigers and lions, expressed unmitigated astonishment at the aptitude the Prince showed for this most exciting sport, which taxes even the strongest nerves. Before he left India the Prince had accounted for a great number of tigers, most of the skins of which are

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at Sandringham or Marlborough House, and serve to remind him of one of the most exciting times he ever spent in his life. A large sloth bear also fell a victim to his prowess, as well as many kinds of deer, cheetahs, leopards, and other big game.

The hunting camps, which in several of the provinces were arranged for the Prince's convenience, were on the most elaborate and luxurious scale. One camp in particular, which was built for the Prince and some thirty of his friends and attendants, proved to be a positive city, for it contained over twenty-five hundred persons. There were two hundred and fifty camels, one hundred horses, sixty teams of oxen to draw the same number of carts, and one hundred and nineteen elephants, all of which had been used for transport purposes. The camp followers included twenty drawers of water, twenty cleaners, twenty messengers, over six hundred coolies, sixty men to pitch and look after the tents, and a large detachment of native police. The camp was guarded by seventy-five non-commissioned officers and men of the Third Goorkhas, and a detachment of the Eleventh Bengal Cavalry, and the band of the Goorkha regiment

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played after dinner, which was served in a beautifully decorated mess tent. The sport which was shown on these occasions was very fine, and gave the Prince immense pleasure.

Sport in India was not, however, always such safe and easy work. During one elephant hunt the Prince, in turn with several members of his suite, was chased by a must elephant, and if His Royal Highness had not been well mounted things might have gone badly with him. As it was, on that occasion Prince Louis of Battenberg was knocked up, and there were several falls and contretemps of all kinds.

The Prince was present at more than one elephant drive, on which occasions he was obliged to spend hours on a small platform built at the top of a tree. He shot his first elephant in Ceylon, and, according to custom, cut off the tail himself. On this occasion he returned home bearing on his person marks of the hard day's work he had been through. His clothes were wet through and torn to rags, and he himself was exhausted with the heat of the day and his exertion.

The Prince's visits to Denmark have always been marked with a white stone by him, for in the

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beautiful forests that stretch for miles round the Royal Palace of Fredensborg there is splendid sport of all kinds. At Rhenardsbrunn, too, the Prince always enjoyed the shooting that the late Duke of Coburg was able to give him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PRINCE AND HIS CLOTHES

THERE is in existence a clever sketch, in the form of a triptych, from the facile (and sometimes cruel) pencil of Thackeray, that shows a king, crowned and robed in all the panoply of state, on the left of the design. In the centre panel are the Royal robes hitched over a stand. Empty as they are, they still retain a measure of grandeur, and are more capable of commanding admiration than the shivering, shrunken form of the disrobed king, who on the third panel is depicted emerging from a bath. Viewed from the standpoint that the greatest rulers of the world are merely men and women under the diamonds and the purple, it is always easy to pour ridicule on the pomp that surrounds Royalty.

The Prince of Wales has shown great restraint and wisdom in all that concerns his wardrobe. He has always been fully alive to the fact that a people

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is prone to model its manners and dress on the fancies and foibles of its Royal family. Had he ever entertained any doubts on the subject, they must have been rudely dispelled when, after a serious illness of the Princess, a number of would-be fashionable women assumed what was known as the "Alexandra limp." It is such vulgar apings of Royal peculiarities which make the judicious thankful that the Prince of Wales has always been a healthy-minded English gentleman, of simple habits and quiet tastes. From the hour he had any voice in the management of his own wardrobe he has been distinguished for the plainness of his attire and the simplicity of his toilet accessories.

Yet in his time the Prince has endured more than the usual amount of "dressing up." The Queen's private apartments at Windsor contain pictures of her sons and daughters in every conceivable national, military, and fancy costume; but the prettiest portrait of the Prince is in the White Drawing Room at Windsor. He was three years old at the time it was painted, beautifully fair and plump, and with fair, curly hair. He wears a long frock of cream satin, fastened by a narrow waistband and a huge rosette round the waist. A charming

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statuette shows him as a bonny boy in a man-of-war suit, which was made for him by the man who cut out and sewed the clothes for the crew of the Queen's yacht. The first time he appeared in it the sailors expressed the greatest delight.

When, in 1859, the Prince of Wales formally matriculated at Oxford, and became an undergraduate of Christchurch, acting on the wishes of his parents the Prince always wore the gold-tasselled velvet cap and full-sleeved black silk gown which form the regulation undress of an undergraduate nobleman. Although the Prince himself donned this rather conspicuous costume during the year he was at Oxford, it is noteworthy that when his son, Prince Eddy, went to Cambridge, he was content to wear the ordinary costume of an undergraduate commoner.

When, in 1863, the Prince's marriage with the beautiful Alexandra of Denmark was about to be celebrated, it is needless to say that almost as much interest was taken in the dress to be worn by the youthful bridegroom as in that of his bride. On the day the Prince of Wales went to meet her he wore, according to the fashion of the time, pale gray trousers and a dark blue surtout. On their

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wedding day he went to the altar in the magnificent robes of a Knight of the Garter, which he subsequently wore on several important occasions. Almost the last time he was seen in them was when he introduced his elder son, the late Duke of Clarence, to the House of Lords to take his seat as a peer. Every year that has passed since then has developed in the Prince a stronger dislike to display, and though he has frequently to wear one or other of the many scores of uniforms he possesses, his State robes seldom see the light, save when they are brushed and folded by his valets.

For many years as a young man the Prince of Wales employed Poole as his tailor in chief, and by doing so made the artist in clothes so much the fashion that all the would-be well-dressed men in England patronized him. It is said that the Prince first found out Poole by accident. He was at the theatre one night, watching the famous French actor Fechter playing "Robert Macaire." The adventurer's coat was apparently a mass of rents and patches, but the Prince's keen eye quickly noted that the garment was singularly well cut. After the play the Prince sent for Fechter and asked him who his tailor was. The actor replied that Mr.

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Poole had made the coat he was wearing. The next day the Prince sent for the tailor, who from that hour was a made man.

The Duke of Clarence had great faith in the Prince's taste, and always modelled his dress on that of his Royal father. The Duke of York's taste is also largely ruled by that of the Prince of Wales.

When the Prince requires new clothes, patterns of materials are sent to him. He has a correct eye for effect, and can tell at once how a piece of stuff will look when made up, which is in itself an art. He takes a very few minutes to make up his mind, always chooses a soft, light material, and for country clothes and "ditto" suits has a partiality for broken checks. He also makes up his mind with commendable quickness as to fit and alterations. About the former he is most particular, though his clothes are made of a sensible looseness. The Prince's extraordinary memory has also served him more than once with regard to minor details of his wardrobe. On one occasion, when some trousers were accidentally made from a material that he had not chosen, he immediately found out the mistake, although he had only once seen the pattern of the material he had ordered.

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When his position and the exigencies of his life are taken into consideration, it can not be said that the Prince is extravagant with his clothes, and perhaps it is the fact that he possesses the largest wardrobe in the world of uniforms and State robes, that induces him to restrict himself in the matter of what may be called mufti. But what is wise economy in a Prince might be considered undue extravagance in a subject. It must be remembered that, as a matter of course, the Prince's wardrobe includes every variety of attire for ordinary and for special use, so that suits for wear in town, or adapted for smart and quiet race meetings, are in abundance. His valets have charge of all shades and makes of tweeds, checks, shooting, fishing, and riding equipment, and Norfolk suits, which the Prince's example has made so popular for country use. There also are clothes used only for travelling, light, cool suits for wear at the foreign watering-places the Prince visits annually, besides fine furs and overcoats of every pattern and texture.

The Prince holds complimentary naval and military appointments in most countries, and each necessitates four uniforms, comprising full dress, undress, mess kit, and overcoat; and nearly fifty hel-

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mets, swords, and uniform belts, besides the full robes of the Knights of the Garter, Saint Patrick, and the Thistle. Of Orders of Chivalry the Prince possesses nine that are English and fifty that are foreign. All these have their respective collars and decorations. Besides these His Royal Highness has full regalias of various degrees of masonry.

It will thus be seen that the Prince's wardrobe is literally immense, and that two valets who have charge of this enormous mass of valuable property have enough to do in brushing, shaking, and refolding part of it every day. The bulk of the Prince's clothes, namely, those which are not in frequent wear, are kept in what is called the "Brush Room," on the top floor of Marlborough House.

Some years ago certain mischief-making people accused the Prince of Wales of not sufficiently encouraging home industries, and of purchasing annually hundreds of pairs of gloves on the Continent. The charge was on the face of it unfair, for the Prince has consistently supported the home factories of silk, woollen, and other goods. That it was also untrue was speedily proved by Sir Francis Knollys, the Prince's secretary, who stated publicly that His Royal Highness's use of gloves was limited

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to under two dozen pairs a year, and that these were all bought in England. He seldom wears white gloves except with uniform, and as a rule he prefers pale gray stitched with black. Neither the Prince nor any member of the Royal family ever adopted the mode that prevailed for a while among a certain section of smart people of appearing in public ungloved.

The Prince's hats are extremely characteristic, and he seldom, if ever, alters the shape of them. His size is $7\frac{1}{8}$. It is needless to say that the Prince's head gear gets very hard use, and that the brims speedily wear out. The soft felt hat, now so popular, was first worn by the Prince at Homburg, near which watering place is a famous felt-hat factory. On the occasion of his first visit he bought several for himself and his friends, and he seldom wears a round hat since he has taken to the softer kinds. It is etiquette for men to follow the Prince's lead in the matter of hats at race meetings, and until His Royal Highness one year appeared at Goodwood in a round hat no one ever dreamed, even in the hottest weather, of attending these races save in a silk hat and frock coat. But, luckily for the world at large, the Prince's popularity and good sense broke

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through old-world prejudices, and now a hot summer afternoon sees Goodwood Park dotted with men in blue serge, white duck, flannel suits, and the lightest and shadiest of straw hats.

The Prince affects easy boots, with fairly high military heels, but the pointed toe has never found favour with him. His size is 8. Apropos of the Prince's boots, that class of wealthy Americans that forms its society manners on those of London, and models its dress after that of English leaders of fashion, was sorely exercised by a rumour that in the picture of the Royal family painted by Orchardson, R. A., and called "Four Generations," the Prince appeared in a frock coat and brown boots. The rumour thrilled the English-speaking world, but the question was speedily set at rest by assurances that the Prince's boots in the picture were black, and that he reserved his brown boots for country wear.

The Prince has a great dislike for eccentricity in dress, and startling neckties, fancy waistcoats, and, above all, a profusion of jewelry, are strictly shunned by him. However handsome may be his scarf pin, links, or watch chain, they are invariably plain in design. He is always properly dressed, be-

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cause his clothes are always appropriate for the occasion. At Sandringham, tweeds, gaiters, and strong country boots are the order of the day until dinner time.

The Princess assiduously supports the Prince in this respect, and her daughters seldom appear during the daytime except in a simple shirt and cloth skirt short enough for comfortable walking, and a perfectly plain straw or felt hat. It is expected that the unwritten code of the house, that discountenances a perpetual change of toilets, elaborate tea-gowns, frills and furbelows, and extravagant evening gowns, shall be known and observed by all who are invited to visit Sandringham. One lady who, out of sheer ignorance, or perhaps with a wish to display her lavish wardrobe, ignored this sensible rule and appeared in a different toilet four times a day, was not invited again for some time, and received a very plain hint as to the reason why.

When travelling, the Prince and Princess wear the plainest possible suits, always chosen with a view to climate and neat appearance. In Scotland the Prince always wears a kilt, and in the evening appears in full dress of the Stuart tartan. The sil-

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ver ornaments he wears with Highland dress are exceedingly handsome and of great value. For shooting and deer-stalking he prefers either the Stuart hunting tartan or a kilt of heather mixture.

When in India His Royal Highness adopted the usual comfortable costume worn by Europeans when hunting in that country. A khaki jacket and knickerbockers and a solar topee with a very wide brim, and a pugaree, formed his everyday hunting dress. Leech gaiters, when necessary, were also worn. They are loose bags as long as a stocking, and are drawn over the foot and tied above the knees before the boots are put on. They are not becoming, but are absolutely necessary to keep out the swarms of leeches which infest some of the Indian and Ceylon hunting grounds.

When the Prince spent a few days at the court of the Khedive of Egypt he wore an Indian helmet, a bright blue undress frock coat with a Field Marshal's ribbon, and white duck trousers. It was on this trip that the Prince invented for his own wear, and that of his friends and the suite accompanying him, a most comfortable form of dinner dress. It comprised ordinary evening trousers and a dark-

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blue cloth jacket with silk facings, and gold buttons bearing the Prince of Wales's feathers. With this a black necktie was worn. The costume was called the "Serapis" dinner dress. On his return from his tour the Prince introduced at Sandringham, and at quiet dinners at Marlborough House, the short jacket which has since become so popular, and is now accepted everywhere save at formal dinners and the opera.

Another most sensible innovation, made by the Prince in the style of dress worn about town during the London season, was introduced by him some six years ago. The Prince always appears in public in a frock coat, a garment particularly suited to his figure. With a view to increasing the comfort of so essential a portion of a gentleman's wardrobe, he invented a smart modification of the frock coat, and had one built for himself with the fronts so cut away that they scarcely met across the chest. Some summers the Prince wears this shape of coat lightly drawn together by two plain buttons on a link; at other times the fronts of the coat do not meet at all. It is needless to say that this sensible mode, doing away with a quantity of superfluous cloth, has become highly popular among men who, like the

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Prince, desire to preserve the conventionalities of social life and yet to be comfortable.

At big dinner parties at Marlborough House plain evening dress is always worn, except under ceremonial circumstances; for, unlike his imperial nephews of Germany and Russia, the Prince of Wales has a great dislike to the display and the discomfort that the wearing of uniform entails.

CHAPTER XV

WHAT THE PRINCE EATS AND DRINKS

FROM 8 A. M., as a rule, the Prince of Wales concentrates all his energies on business, public and private. During the morning he has walked and driven, supervised his Household, interviewed a score or more of people, paid and received formal calls, and presided at a meeting or two, all on a light breakfast of eggs, tea, and toast, which is served to him in his own sitting room while he opens and reads his correspondence. At 2.30 he makes a hearty luncheon, which, with the best of food perfectly dressed, and the healthy hunger of an exceedingly hard-working man, he enjoys with true Royal appetite.

Meals in the Prince's Household are served at most reasonable hours, in town and country alike. Breakfast is about nine, luncheon at 2.30, afternoon tea at five, and dinner from seven onward, according to the arrangements made for the evening.

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The Prince's favourite meal is supper. It is his special delight to proceed to either the Marlborough or the Turf Club about midnight, and with two or three intimate friends to attack a variety of dishes that would appal men of less vigorous mould.

After so late a meal it is not astonishing that he only takes a cup of tea at eight o'clock before the morning stroll, with which he generally starts his day in London, and his nine-o'clock breakfast is of the lightest possible order. At Sandringham this simple meal is exchanged for a country breakfast, which the Prince finds necessary as a prelude to his long morning's work in the open air. Tea, which the Prince drinks as a morning beverage, is much to his taste. Afternoon tea at Sandringham is a time for dainties of all kinds; for the Prince and his family, like the Queen, are fond of sweet cakes and biscuits, and all such confections appear at tea time.

With characteristic common sense the Prince and Princess started the fashion of very short dinners. The ponderous meals that prevailed till the sixties have been entirely done away with since the Prince set up his establishment and began to entertain at Marlborough House. *Service à la Russe* has also been popularized by the Prince, and the

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time spent at the dinner table has thus been greatly lessened.

The Prince must not, however, be ranked with the man who adopts as his motto, "Fate can not harm me; I have dined to-day." Once, when he with the Princess and a large party of friends were exploring ruins on the banks of the Nile, the picnic luncheon that was carried into the desert was eaten so late, and proved so satisfying a meal, that when the Royal party returned to Cairo they abandoned all ideas of a set dinner, and straightway dressed to go to a ball at the English embassy which commenced at the early hour of 8.30.

When the Prince arrives at the opera for early performances, such as those of Wagner's great cycle, which commenced as early as 6.30, His Royal Highness is seen in his omnibus box as the curtain rises, and a short dinner is served to him in his private room at the back of the box during the twenty minutes' interval between the first and second acts of the performance. This brief meal is followed by a cigarette, and then the Prince is once more in his place. Considering the great amount of cooking that is required at Marlborough House,

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neither the kitchen accommodation nor the staff can be called extensive. A *chef*, a confectionery cook, two under-cooks, and four kitchen maids have to work in kitchens far inferior in size to those found in many private houses. The principal kitchen has but one open fire for roasting, but this is supplemented by various hot plates and a good oven. The confectionery kitchen, though beautifully fitted and arranged, is not large; yet the biggest dinners, for from forty to sixty persons, are cooked in the house, and the refreshments for the largest parties at Marlborough House are all prepared in the Prince's establishment. In these lower regions also are unpacked and arranged the magnificent fruit that is often sent from the Queen's gardens at Frogmore, when the Prince has a big reception.

The Prince of Wales prides himself on having the recipe for the famous Moselle Cup, which is such a feature at all the Queen's entertainments, and which was originally brought from Germany by the Prince Consort.

The daily *menu* is generally submitted to him, and, like his mother, he alters it when not to his taste, which he has made known from time to time,

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by writing on the *menu* that stands before his plate comments which find their way to the kitchen regions, and to the heart of the *chef*. Whenever the Prince visits his friends considerable pains are taken to find out his likes and dislikes in the matter of dishes, and clever hostesses make every effort to compass some novelty for his table. A well-known *bon viveur*, who has often had the honour of playing host to His Royal Highness, once achieved a triumph by serving to the Prince tiny chickens on toast. These little birds, which yield but a few delicate mouthfuls of tender white flesh, are known in the poulterers' trade as poussins, and in London are sold at a price that makes them a rare dainty. The Prince would be heartily amused if he knew that these choice morsels, served to him as a *bonne bouche* by millionaires, are brought to the kitchen door of every house in the west of Ireland and sold by barefooted peasant girls at sixpence apiece.

When the Duke of Sutherland gave his famous Nile party to the Prince and Princess of Wales and a number of mutual friends, a Spanish cook and several Italian stewards were among the staff engaged. The Spaniard proved a past master in the

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art of confectionery, and at one particular dinner that the Duke of Sutherland gave on the deck of his own steamer, to which the Prince came from the boat in which he lodged, much admiration was evoked by a wonderful tower of burnt almonds which was surmounted by a flag and the Prince's motto, "*Ich Dien.*"

It was on this trip that the Prince's steamer had more than once some ado to keep up with the boat used for kitchen purposes, and some fun was now and then caused by the fact that the passenger boats could not always keep in touch with the steamer that carried cooks and provisions.

The commissariat of this wonderful Nile expedition was arranged from a steamer full of stores, which included twenty thousand bottles of soda water, three thousand bottles of champagne, over four thousand bottles of claret of various kinds, besides liqueurs, bottled beers, sherry, and spirits. How much of this vast sea of liquid was ever consumed neither history nor tradition can say.

Of oysters the Prince is very fond, and when they are in season an oyster supper is frequently arranged for his entertainment by his friends. The oyster suppers given to the Prince by Sir Edward

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Lawson in Arlington Street were the best functions of their kind. The parties were for men only, and numbered among the hundreds invited all the political and social celebrities of the time.

Many of the Prince's holiday trips, especially those he takes for his health to Homburg or Marienbad, entail a considerable reduction in the quantity and quality of his meals. When the Prince makes a cure he is always most careful in his observation of the regulations and orders of his doctor. In this he sets a good example to that large number of people who profess that they can not give up, even for the regulation period, any of the pleasures of the table. The Prince is so conscientious in these matters that he derives considerable benefit from his annual visits to Continental watering places.

At least once in his life, however, the Prince was dieted without the addition of water-drinking. When he went on his tour to India a French *chef* of considerable ability formed part of his train. So irresistibly good and so generous were the dishes provided by this worthy, that at the end of the week Dr. Fayrer, who was attached to the Prince's person as medical adviser, was obliged to insist that the

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dietary should be considerably curtailed. Only two hot breakfast dishes were permitted, luncheon was reduced to the plainest of fare, and three courses were bodily struck out of the dinner *menu*. Having in view the trying climate in which he was to spend so many months, the Prince cheerfully submitted to these rather drastic alterations in his mode of living.

When deer-stalking in Scotland, or shooting in Norfolk, the Prince prefers a homely if substantial luncheon, which, when possible, is partaken of in the open air. Two hot dishes are sent to the luncheon place in a specially arranged cart, and the rest of the meal is cold. At one time of his life the Prince was almost exclusively a champagne drinker, and it was his partiality for that beverage that gave a new expression to the language.

One broiling hot summer day the Prince went with a large party of friends for a picnic, and the women were tired and the men hot as the luncheon hour arrived. Everything was beautifully cooked and cooled to a turn; but what appealed most to every one were bottles of champagne standing in silver pails of ice, with white wet napkins round their heads and necks. While the men of the party were giving the lobster salad and chicken mayon-

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naise a twist, a small "Tiger Jim" was told off to fly about and spill the *frappé* nectar into the glasses that every one presented with the unanimity of a comic-opera drinking chorus. There was little ceremony observed, and the lad was distracted from the usual routine of service by cries of "Here, boy!" "I say, boy!" "This way, boy!" which gradually got abbreviated into staccato calls, "Boy!" "Boy!" "Boy!" Seeing one little lady more bashful than the rest, sitting silently with her plate untouched before her, the Prince said, "Are you waiting for anything?" "Yes, sir," said the modern Miss Muffet, "I am waiting for the boy." "Oh," said the Prince, "pray take this," handing his glass in exchange for her empty one. "Now I'll have some boy too." The magic sound of the Prince's voice brought the boy to his side, and for the rest of the afternoon when any one's glass was empty the Prince kept up the joke by saying, "Have some boy!" The word caught on, as words sometimes do, and it has since spread through all classes of society, till "boy" has become an even more popular name for champagne than "fizz."

For some years the Prince has taken little else

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but claret of a particular brand, and sometimes a *chasse* of brandy with his coffee. Apropos of brandy, visitors to Marlborough House have often noticed in the entrance hall a small flask of that spirit standing on a side table. The story that accounts for this is that on one occasion an intimate friend of the Prince was suddenly ill in the hall at Marlborough House. No brandy was at hand to restore the sufferer, and the illness proved fatal. From that day, by the Prince's orders, a small quantity has always been kept in a convenient place.

The Prince is not in any sense a beer drinker, as is his nephew the Emperor of Germany. It is, however, very remarkable that when he regained consciousness after the crisis of his terrible illness in 1871, the first thing he asked for was a bottle of Bass's beer, which was given to him. Apart from his meals the Prince seldom takes anything to drink; if he should break this excellent rule, he generally has a lemon squash, which he has made popular as a fashionable and wholesome beverage. He is also credited with having composed an excellent "cocktail." It consists of a little rye whisky, crushed ice, a small square of pineapple, a dash of Angostura bitters, a piece of lemon peel, a few drops

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of Maraschino, a little champagne, and powdered sugar to taste. This "short drink" is often asked for at the clubs which he frequents.

The Prince has a dislike, which he does not attempt to disguise, to seeing ladies take more than a very little wine; so particular, indeed, is he on this point, that iced punch and the various sherbets, all of which are flavoured strongly with liqueurs and spirits, are by his express orders seldom found on the Marlborough House *menu*. The Princess and her daughters set an example of extreme moderation. The Prince also greatly disapproves of the fashion that prevails in some country houses of sending champagne and other pick-me-ups to the ladies' dressing rooms. Except in cases of rare necessity such a thing is never done at Sandringham.

It is largely owing to the fact that the Prince likes to smoke when he has finished dining that after-dinner drinking has gone entirely out of fashion during the last twenty years; for what is done at the Prince's table rules in all classes of society. As soon after dinner as is possible cigarettes are handed round, a practice which must be attributed to Royal influence. The Prince popularized cigarettes some years ago, and they are now smoked by

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half England. For his own use he prefers the best Egyptian, which are made expressly for him by the well-known West End firm of Dembergi, but he does not confine his taste in tobacco to cigarettes. Good cigars are equally popular with him. In every room he uses, appliances for smoking are ready to his hand, and he frequently carries with him in the country a little pocket hold-all invented by Princess Maud, which contains two cigars, a pipe, a small quantity of tobacco, six cigarettes, and a box of matches.

The Prince is not the only member of the Royal family who considers a good cigar as part of his dinner. Some time after the Duke of Wellington discountenanced the habit of smoking at the mess table, the Duke of Cambridge was dining at the mess of a smart regiment quartered in Dublin. At the end of the dinner he pulled out his cigar case, saying to the colonel and officers generally, "I don't know what you fellows are going to do, but I am going to smoke," and he forthwith struck a light, and handed his cigar case round.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PRINCE AS A FREEMASON

No biography of the Prince of Wales would be complete if it failed to speak of him as a Freemason; for to him, as Grand Master of the Order under the English Constitution, is due the remarkable strides that Freemasonry has made in this country during the last quarter of a century. On the 29th day of December, 1868, the Duke of St. Albans wrote a letter to the Earl of Zetland, then Grand Master, conveying the information that the Prince of Wales had been made a Freemason in Sweden at the hands of the King of that country, himself an ardent member of the craft. This letter was written by desire of the Prince, and may be taken to have been the introduction of His Royal Highness to English Freemasonry. The rank of Past Grand Master was conferred on him at that quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge of England, in September, 1869.

The Prince as a Freemason

On the 24th day of February, 1871, he paid his first visit to an English lodge. The occasion was the celebration of the centenary of the Jerusalem Lodge (No. 197), of which the late Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, K. C. M. G., was Worshipful Master, and other leading and well-known brethren in the craft were members. The meeting was, though unreported, a notable one. It took place at Freemasons' Hall and Tavern on the 24th day of February, 1871. The Prince had been already, on the 2d day of May, 1870, elected a member of the Royal Alpha Lodge (No. 11), then meeting at Willis's Rooms, but was for the first time present and installed Worshipful Master of the lodge on the 3d day of July, 1871. He has several times since filled the chair of this lodge, and is now its senior member. In the year 1875 the Marquis of Ripon, then Grand Master, resigned that distinguished post, and the Prince of Wales was with entire and enthusiastic unanimity elected as his successor. On the 28th day of April in that year a mass meeting of ten thousand English Freemasons was held in the Royal Albert Hall, for the installation of His Royal Highness, which took place with memorable pomp and ceremony. He has since been annually

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re-elected Grand Master, to the great benefit of the craft.

On the 23d day of January, 1872, the Prince became a joining member of the Prince of Wales's Lodge (No. 259). In 1874 he accepted the office of Worshipful Master of that lodge, and has so continued ever since, an annually appointed Deputy Master acting under him, as laid down by the Book of Constitutions in the case of a Prince of the Blood Royal occupying the chair of a lodge. On the 24th day of March in the same year, His Royal Highness being in the chair, Prince Arthur of Connaught and Strathearn was initiated into Freemasonry, of which he has since become so great and useful an ornament and supporter, both in far-off India and at home in the county of Sussex, of which he is Provincial Grand Master. In the Royal Alpha Lodge, on the 17th day of March, 1885, the Prince of Wales, as Worshipful Master of the lodge, initiated into Freemasonry his eldest son, the late Prince Albert Victor of Wales, afterward Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who became Worshipful Master of the lodge in 1888, and was appointed successively a Grand Warden of England and Provincial Grand Master of Berkshire.



THE PRINCE IN MASONIC REGALIA

The Prince as a Freemason

In the mayoralty of Sir Francis Truscott, himself a Past Grand Warden of England, a great Masonic banquet was given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, at which were present all the notabilities of the English craft, with the Royal Grand Master at their head. On this memorable occasion the Prince of Wales appointed Prince John of Glucksberg, a Danish Freemason who was among the distinguished guests, to the honorary rank of Past Grand Warden of England, the regalia of which rank was then and there presented to him by the Grand Lodge.

In his capacity of Grand Master the Prince of Wales has availed himself of innumerable opportunities of doing good, and more especially with reference to the benevolent institutions connected with Freemasonry. The oldest of these, the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, held its Centenary Festival in the Royal Albert Hall on the 7th day of June, 1888, under the exalted presidency of the Most Worshipful Grand Master. The Prince was accompanied by His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, His Royal Highness's "father" in Freemasonry, who honoured the Festival by acting as a Steward on the occasion. The Duke of Clar-

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ence and Avondale was also present. This Festival was a signal success, the then unprecedented amount of nearly £52,000 being the result of the Royal Chairman's advocacy and the Stewards' exertions.

The Prince of Wales also presided at the Girls' School Festival in 1871, and at the Festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution in 1873. In 1898 he took the chair at the Centenary Festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, when an absolute record was made in the annals of English charities, and the immense amount of upward of £141,000 was announced as the sum brought up by the Stewards on the occasion. As the immediate outcome of this enormous influx of funds, new schools are now in course of erection near Bushey, to replace the old and worn-out buildings at Wood Green. No better illustration can be furnished of the great growth of Freemasonry under the Prince of Wales's rule than by comparing this with the sum of £5,500 collected at the first Festival, over which, in 1871, His Royal Highness presided, when, however, the benefits of the Masonic Schools were enjoyed by a far smaller number of girls and boys than at present.

The Prince as a Freemason

Among the many notable occurrences during the Prince's Grand Mastership was the adoption by the Grand Lodge, over which His Royal Highness himself presided, on the 15th day of March, 1882, of an Address to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, expressing the heartfelt gratitude of the whole of the fraternity to the Great Architect of the Universe for the preservation of the life of Her Majesty from the attack of an assassin. On the 10th day of May, 1882, the following deputation attended at Buckingham Palace, in full dress, Masonic clothing:

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K. G., Most Worshipful Grand Master; His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, K. G., Past Grand Warden; the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro-Grand Master; the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lathom, Deputy Grand Master; the Rt. Hon. Lord Carrington, Senior Grand Warden; the Rt. Hon. John Whittaker Ellis, Lord Mayor of London, Junior Grand Warden; the Earl of March, M. P., Past Grand Warden; Sir Albert W. Woods, Garter, P. G. W., Grand Director of Ceremonies; Sir John B. Monckton, President of the Board of General Purposes; Mr. Æneas J. McIntyre, Q. C., M. P.,

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Grand Registrar; Lieutenant-Colonel James Creaton, Grand Treasurer; the Rev. Ambrose W. Hall, Grand Chaplain; Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke, Grand Secretary.

The deputation having been introduced to Her Majesty's presence, His Royal Highness the Most Worshipful Grand Master read the address of Grand Lodge. To this address Her Majesty was pleased to make the following reply:

"I have received with gratification your loyal and dutiful address, and share with you the feeling of devout thankfulness to the Almighty, whose protecting hand has been so graciously extended to me."

The members of the deputation were then severally presented to Her Majesty by the Most Worshipful Grand Master, and withdrew. It could not fail to be observed that the novelty of the appearance of Royal and distinguished members of the craft at the Palace in full-dress Masonic clothing was productive of considerable amusement both to the Queen herself and to the Princess who accompanied Her Majesty on the occasion.

The Prince of Wales has during his long term of office performed many public Masonic ceremonies,

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among the most notable being the laying of the first stone of Truro Cathedral some twenty years ago. None, however, has been of greater interest and attraction than when, on the 12th day of March, 1891, the new buildings connected with the Centenary Celebration of the Royal Masonic Institute for Girls were inaugurated, in the presence of a crowded and distinguished gathering, by the Most Worshipful Grand Master, who was accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the Princesses. After the conclusion of the public proceedings the Royal visitors expressed a desire to see the schoolrooms and dormitories, over which they were conducted by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lathom and the other members of the House Committee, attended by the Head Governess and the Matron; and on leaving the Institution the Most Worshipful Master expressed not only the sincere interest he felt and should always continue to feel in the Institution, but also the great gratification he and the Princesses had experienced from their visit, and his entire satisfaction with all the arrangements—an expression that was confirmed by a letter afterward received from Sir Francis Knollys, K. C. M. G.

At this visit the Princess of Wales, who is Grand

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Patroness of the Institution (as the Prince himself is Grand Patron), graciously permitted the new Centenary Hall, one of the most beautifully proportioned halls in or near the metropolis, to be called by her name, and it is accordingly "The Alexandra Centenary Hall." Much might be added, did space permit, of His Royal Highness as an earnest and most useful Freemason. It is, however, quite sufficient to say that the science of charity, order, and regularity has in the Prince of Wales a sincere and enthusiastic upholder of these great Masonic attributes, and that no ruler of any organized body of men has, or can possibly have, a more loyal or attached band of supporters, truly devoted to their chief, than has the Royal and Most Worshipful Grand Master of English Freemasons.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PRINCE A GOOD FELLOW

THE term "a good fellow" can need no apology, but it may admit of some explanation. At first sight it seems a somewhat familiar term to apply to a Prince, and lacking in dignity, but this view has arisen from ill use. Singularly enough, it is the one expression which Shakespeare reserves as characteristic of Prince Hal. Falstaff rallies the Prince: "There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee"; thereby implying that a man may lack many good qualities and yet be a good fellow. That Henry V liked the term may be gathered from the fact that, when pleading hardest with Katherine, he says of himself, "If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows." Indeed, a man may be rich, straight of limb, tall, handsome, generous, constant, and yet not be a good fellow. "A speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will

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fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon—or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly.” There you have it all—“a good heart,” and that excuses many faults where they exist, and provides for many virtues that may be lacking. Doubtless there are sycophants who would pretend that any Prince is perfect, and the Prince of Wales the most perfect of them all; but the Prince is too good a fellow not to resent adulation that would attempt to put him above the frailties common to humanity.

The healthiest of us are sometimes not quite well; the best humoured of us are sometimes a little touchy; the richest of us have not always the wherewithal to do the good service which we have at heart. It is on these occasions that the quality of good fellowship comes to the aid of those who have been so happily endowed by a good fairy at their christening.

From time to time the Prince's position has compelled him to take a course of action which has not always been easy for others to appreciate,

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till that marvellous balm of the Prince's good fellowship has come to heal the wound, leaving the scar an honourable possession. Here is one example which is, perhaps, more generic and more easily understood by the general public than many other equally true stories about our Prince.

He once invited to his house a number of the most distinguished men in a certain profession. They were all, no doubt, a little nervous at first, but the Prince's affability soon put each of them at his ease—so much at his ease, indeed, that it is quite possible to understand how one man among so many misunderstood his attitude. In the evening the Prince and his guests adjourned for smoking, and an impromptu entertainment ensued. One of the nicest and indeed possibly one of the best bred of the men took his turn at the piano and commenced to sing a song which was decidedly coarse. Every eye but that of the singer was turned on the Prince of Wales. He made no effort to disguise his feelings. Whatever he may have thought, he felt that he was bound to take notice of this indiscretion. He first turned his chair slightly, but the singer went on singing. A terrible silence filled the room, but the singer took it for attention and continued.

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The Prince coughed and fidgeted a little, but the singer did not hear or see, and nobody took the initiative in warning him. During the next verse the Prince started talking, and talked louder and louder, till the singer's voice was drowned, and he stopped, and turned, and looked, and when he realized his position, wished the ground would suddenly open and swallow him. There was no mistake about it, he had been snubbed. There, as far as the Prince was concerned, the matter might have ended. A blight had been thrown on the evening, and the poor devil had to face being cold-shouldered by his fellows, and explaining to his wife, as best he could, how they had all enjoyed their first experience of being the guest of the Prince of Wales. If there had been any honour among the Prince's guests, for their host's sake and for the sake of their profession, they would have held their tongues. But they went out into the highways and the byways and cried their comrade's shame and their own indignation. Some told it tragically, some comically; but none of them told it very carefully, and, needless to say, the gossipy papers made the most of it. Now, what do you think the Good Fellow did? When he saw what had happened, he drove straight up to Bond Street

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and purchased a box for the next entertainment at which his indiscreet guest was to appear. He drove back, and he asked the Princess to excuse herself from any social obligation which she might have, and the Prince and Princess of Wales made themselves particularly prominent in the front of that box, and effusively applauded the performer, whose indiscretion they deemed had been punished enough without the interference of his fellows. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent for him and his wife, and, letting bygones be bygones, shook hands with them, chatted with them cheerily, and sent them home the happiest man and woman in London, not forgetting to have the Royal visit duly chronicled in all the papers. That is to behave not only like a good fellow, but like a prince of good fellows; and the Prince of Wales's conduct in this matter contrasts very favourably with the treatment which George IV, who was called "the first gentleman in Europe," dealt out to Brummel and other favourites who fell under his displeasure.

Let us turn for our next example of good fellowship to the Sepolte Vive Convent in Rome. One would have thought that if the Prince of Wales, or indeed any young man, could be out of his element

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it would be among a community of nuns. He could have little in common with them. Their religion would be alien to him, their poverty, devotion, and silent good works not apparent to any casual visitor. They, too, might be singularly ill at ease, and yet, years after his visit to them, those little timid nuns remembered the courtesy and the consideration of the Prince, and spoke of him as "*molto amabile.*"

Some years ago the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales lunched officially at the Guildhall, in the presence of some hundreds of people. The German Emperor's health was proposed. He stood up, looking a magnificent figure in his white uniform, and with his hand resting on his eagle-winged helmet, made a fine speech in English on the subject of peace. He was a young man then, and had the reputation here, and indeed throughout Europe, of being rather a firebrand, especially as regards England. All were greatly impressed with the pronouncement, but one radical journalist kept running about, when it was all over, telling everybody that the German Emperor had specially slighted the Prince of Wales by not proposing his health. The explanation was simple. The Prince

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of Wales had particularly desired that his health should not be proposed, and his reason was an excellent one. He very emphatically pointed out that it was the German Emperor's "show," and that he wished him to be the only star.

Surely this is a very fine example of good fellowship, which gets above the little vanities all flesh is heir to. Here is another example of how he behaves toward men whom he has chosen to make of his own circle. One of his intimates, who was popularly known as "Christopher," was from time to time made the butt of the party, many quaint jokes being played upon him. On one occasion, when perhaps he was feeling a little bit off colour, he took offence, and, leaving the house where they were all staying, returned to town. To bring home to him more fully the fact that no offence was intended, and that his company was really appreciated, an advertisement was inserted in the Agony column of "The Times," which ran to this effect: "If C. S. will return to his sorrowing friends, all will be forgotten and forgiven." The signature made it apparent from whom it emanated. Needless to say, it had the desired effect.

It would be unjust, in an appreciation of this

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side of the Prince's character, to omit examples of it, because they can not be illustrated by amusing stories. The necessity of extending good fellowship to his inferiors is ever present to the Prince. Thousands of instances might easily be given, but perhaps the most prominent was when some of his neighbours in Norfolk tried to make themselves important by actually refusing the Prince's invitations to Sandringham Hall because, forsooth, the worthy farmers and their excellent wives were not excluded. The Prince made it very apparent that he was not going to stand any snobbery of that kind, and the uppish people had to assume the virtue of good fellowship if they had it not. The Prince's good nature has always been extended to old ladies. He will often leave a pretty partner, or break off in a story or an interesting game, to pay compliments to an old lady, whom he will take in to supper or fetch refreshments for, with the best good will in the world; and it is his delight not only to find partners for a "wall flower," but to show the younger men an example by dancing with her. On the occasion of the celebration of his birthday at Oxford many years ago, the jubilations terminated by a very serious "Town and Gown" row. It is easy

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to imagine that any young man might have been thoughtless enough to rejoice in such a spree. The Prince, however, saw further than the inclination of the youth, and was not only seriously annoyed at what had happened, but visited his grave displeasure on the college man who had been the ringleader in the affair.

His sympathy for others has always been singularly acute. When an accident occurred to a sailor on the "Serapis," he was as deeply grieved as if it had injured one of his own relations, and failed to shake off the shock he had sustained for several days. While visiting Holland in his yacht he went over from Flushing to Middelburg and made some purchases at a bric-a-brac shop. When the old Jew who kept the shop came on board with the goods it was apparent that he had discovered who his new customer was. He was dressed in his best clothes, and seemed loath to part with his goods except to the purchaser. The Prince very soon saw what the man wanted, and good-naturedly extending his hand, greeted the old fellow with, "I am the Prince of Wales. This is my brother, Prince Leopold. We are both very glad to see you. Will you have a drink?"

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The Prince is not only a good fellow in himself, but the cause of good fellowship in others. When he was travelling on the Nile he thus drew out many of the excellent qualities and humours of Captain Achmet Hassan and Mustapha Fazil, who amused the Prince very much. He put them quite at their ease by enjoying their broken English and the hard hits which their ingenuousness made, and by smoking pipes with them—and “such pipes,” says the chronicler, “as they were!” On his voyage to India he started the first day well by mixing with the officers and crew. He scarcely ever retired for the night without going on the bridge, even in the roughest weather, and invariably had what he called “a look round” and a few minutes’ conversation with the officers on duty. Every morning he went for what he called “a cruise” between decks, and saw that everybody in the cabins was going on all right before breakfast. It was probably the knowledge of the Prince which Lord Charles Beresford acquired on this journey that caused him to refuse one of his invitations to dinner by a telegram which ran: “Sorry can not come; lie to follow,” which tickled the Prince immensely.

Not only is the Prince the cause of wit in others,

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but he is something of a wit himself. Some years ago, when Arthur Roberts was singing his song, "We are a merry family, we are, we are, we are!" the Prince was asked for the solution of a knotty point. He merely shrugged his shoulders, and said, "We are a Royal family, V. R., V. R., V. R.!" His resource, like his energy, is extraordinary. He is the life and soul of every party. Absolutely untiring not only in his business, but in his pleasure, after a hard day's work cooped up in a hot uniform and tired out with duties and talking, he will sit up all night, dancing and making merry, no matter whether his partner is a pretty young Duchess in a stately quadrille, or one of his old servants in a country dance at Sandringham. He likes a love story, and never misses an opportunity of making a good marriage for a plain girl or a younger son, of patching up a quarrel between a pair of lovers, or of bringing a foolish young husband and wife together.

One side of his character is delight in a little harmless mischief. He revelled in the wheelbarrow races at Homburg, when Duchesses were sometimes ungracefully shot out upon the grass in attitudes that would have commended themselves to

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Rowlandson; but he eventually found that a fire hose can be carried too far as an instrument for greeting guests at a country house.

Country mayors almost invariably write to the Guildhall for instructions on the etiquette of receiving Royalty. This course was taken by a certain Mayor of Chester, and a complete report of a similar proceeding was forwarded to him. He adopted it all, even down to his own address, which he learned by heart. When he came to repeat it, however, he stumbled, hesitated, and stopped, only to become more confused, when, with a twinkle in his eye, the Prince, who had heard it several times before, prompted him.

The Prince is very appreciative of any deference, and is always ready to excuse any accident, no matter how provoking. On one occasion he was ridden down in the Park. The horseman called at Marlborough House to make his apology. The Prince asked him to dinner. So sensible and so far removed from popular prejudice is the Prince, that his cachet is now always accepted. It may be remembered that some years ago there was a quarrel between Lord Durham and Sir George Chetwynd, which found its way to the Law

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Courts. It was impossible to exonerate Sir George altogether from the action of some of his servants, and the verdict was not, therefore, perfectly satisfactory to him. It was said, however, that there were other things behind the quarrel, and certainly it would seem so, for at the very next race meeting at Sandown the Prince of Wales made a point of going up to his old friend and shaking him by the hand.

If, after all that has been said, there is one person who will question the Prince of Wales's right to being considered a good fellow in the best acceptance of the term, that person will be His Royal Highness himself.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PRINCE AS A SON

It is a popular error to suppose that the surname of the Prince of Wales is Guelph, because that is the family name of the House of Brunswick, from which our present Sovereign is descended. When the Queen married, she by the laws of the land changed her surname, as do the humblest of her subjects. The Prince Consort, who came from the House of Saxony, bore the surname of Wettin, and the Queen by marriage with him took that name. The Prince of Wales, therefore, and his children, though Guelph by descent, are really Wettin by name.

The name of Guelph has existed since the time of Charlemagne, whose sister was the wife of Isenbard of Altdorf in Swabia, and the mother of the first Guelph. Her husband was in attendance on the Emperor Charlemagne when a messenger came hot-footed to tell him a son had been born to him.

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Isenbard asked leave to quit the French Court and go to see his heir. The legend runs that the Emperor said, "There is no need for haste to go and see this *Wolpe*" (Whelp). Charlemagne was subsequently sponsor to the babe, and again repeated the name at the font, which has since through the centuries been transformed into Guelph.

At the time of the Queen's marriage the succession to the Throne was in a most unsatisfactory condition, and not unnaturally a Prince was eagerly looked for; but the people had to wait another year after the Princess Royal was born for a male heir to the Crown. As the time drew near for the expected birth the keenest anxiety was displayed by all classes, and when at twelve minutes to eleven on the morning of the 9th of November, 1841, the Queen gave birth to a son at Buckingham Palace, great was the rejoicing throughout the kingdom and its colonies.

The little Prince's introduction to the world was not attended with all the formality that is usual at such times. The Queen was for some hours so ill that her life seemed in great danger, and the Prince Consort, probably through natural anxiety, omitted to send for several of the dignitaries whose attend-

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ance, according to long custom, is deemed necessary at the birth of a Prince or Princess. So it happened that neither the Archbishop of Canterbury nor the Lord President of the Council arrived at Buckingham Palace till all was over. All the Ministers of State were, however, present at the Council that was held at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the formal announcement of the great event was made to them and the usual public thanksgiving ordered.

Meantime the greatest excitement prevailed in the Household. Messengers were sent post-haste to Marlborough House, where the Dowager Queen Adelaide was in residence, and to Kew, where the Duchess of Cambridge and her family then lived. A third was despatched to the city, where Lord Mayor John Pirie was just entering on his year of office, and the scene at the Guildhall banquet that evening was unparalleled for loyal enthusiasm, when in the course of the dinner His Lordship read to the assembled company a highly satisfactory bulletin concerning the health of Her Majesty and the infant Duke of Cornwall. The Lord Mayor subsequently received a baronetcy in honour of the Prince's birth.

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The little Prince's establishment was at once placed on an imposing footing. The nurse chosen by the Queen for her baby son was a Mrs. Brough, who had been housemaid at Claremont. Mrs. Hull, whom they called "dear old May," was also in the nursery. The fee paid to the Prince of Wales's wet nurse was £1,000, and rewards, titles, and promotions were given in all directions. The latter led to some tiresome complications. It had always been the custom to give a Major's commission to the officer on guard at the Royal palace when an accouchement took place, but on this occasion there was considerable difficulty in deciding whether the captain of the guard going off duty at 10.45 A. M., or the captain of the guard coming on duty at the same moment, should receive the commission, as the changing of the guards had not been fully accomplished at 10.48, which was the exact moment the Prince was born. Custom has also ordained that as the heir to the Crown has always been created Earl of Chester, the Mayor of Chester should receive a Baronetcy; but the Royal babe being born on the 9th of November, when all Mayors throughout the kingdom are changed, there was much discussion as to whether the outgoing

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Mayor who was a banker, or the incoming Mayor who was a linen-draper, should receive the title.

Meanwhile the infant who was the cause of so much controversy flourished apace, and when little more than a week old he was already deemed strong enough to be wrapped in a splendid mantle of blue velvet and ermine, and shown to the various members of the family, and to all the Court circle who went to the palace to taste the caudle, sign the Visitors' Book, and inspect the baby.

Before he was a month old Sir Robert Peel was sent for by the Queen to discuss the armorial bearings of the little Prince—a matter which would have been easy of arrangement if Her Majesty had not desired to quarter the arms of Saxony with the Royal arms of England. The Queen insisted that the Prince Consort was of Saxony, with the result that the Earl Marshal had entirely to remodel the Prince of Wales's Coat of Arms. Sir Robert Peel had further difficulty with the alteration which it was necessary to make in the Liturgy. The Queen was most anxious that in the special prayer for the Royal family the words "His Royal Highness" should be inserted before "the Prince of Wales," and Her Majesty only yielded this point when she

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was reminded that after her marriage the Archbishop of Canterbury had particularly desired that the term "Royal Highness" should not be placed before Prince Albert's name.

Some excitement was also caused in great circles by the little Prince being formally gazetted "Duke of Saxony." At a political party given by Lady Holland, the fact that the foreign rank was given precedence over all English titles was much commented on. The public mind was set at ease a little later on, when the Queen by patent created "Our most dear son" Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. He also bore the titles of "Duke of Saxony," "Duke of Cornwall" and "Rothesay," "Earl of Carrick," "Baron Renfrew," "Lord of the Isles," and "Great Steward of Scotland." In 1849 the title of "Earl of Dublin" was added to those the Prince already bore.

The next great event in the life of the Prince of Wales was his baptism, a most splendid ceremony, which took place in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. The christening was deferred till January 25, 1842, to accommodate King William of Prussia, who had accepted an invitation to stand personally as sponsor. The entertainments given during the

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King of Prussia's visit to Windsor were on a most imposing scale, and His Majesty, who subsequently became the first German Emperor, on that occasion laid the foundation of a sincere friendship with the Queen, which was further cemented by the marriage of his eldest son Frederick to our young Princess Royal, and only ended with the close of his long and prosperous life.

The christening was carried out by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, who were surrounded by a troop of other great dignitaries of the Church. In addition to the King of Prussia, the sponsors were Prince George, Duke of Cambridge, first cousin to the Queen; the Duchess of Cambridge, who was proxy for the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, proxy for the Princess Sophia. The font used for the occasion was of pure gold, and all the Queen's children and most of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren have been baptized in it. It stands between two and three feet high, and the shallow basin is surrounded by a wreath of acanthus leaves, with cherubs singing and playing about the base.

Unlike most Royal children, the Prince of Wales was not overburdened with names, Albert



THE PRINCE AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

From a painting by Winterhalter

The Prince as a Son

Edward being the only two he received. After the ceremony, which concluded with Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," a splendid banquet was given in the state dining room at Windsor. This was the last occasion on which the enormous gold punch bowl, designed by Flaxman to the order of George IV, was filled with the thirty dozen bottles of wine which it was designed to hold. This quantity of mulled claret charged the glasses which were emptied by the company in honouring the four toasts of the day which were given by the Earl of Liverpool, then Lord Steward of the Household. These were, "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," "The King of Prussia," "Her Majesty the Queen," and "His Royal Highness Prince Albert."

After the banquet the company proceeded to the Waterloo Chamber, where the Queen had a reception, and where the huge Christening Cake, more than eight feet in circumference, was cut up and distributed. So splendid was the state kept at the Prince's Christening that it was afterward estimated that the ceremony, the luncheon, and the entertainment of the various guests cost £200,000.

After such an imposing *début* the little Prince retired for some years to a quiet and carefully super-

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vised nursery, to share such lessons as his elder sister the Princess Royal was receiving from various governesses. When he was six years old he and Princess "Vicky" were described as being "sweet things," the Prince in particular being a very pretty boy, with fine eyes and beautiful hair. He was exceedingly shy, which may be accounted for by the fact that the little Princess Royal was of a decidedly masterful disposition.

Two years later, by which time four more brothers and sisters had arrived in the Royal nurseries, the young Prince had a serious fall from an iron-barred gate, and for a time it was feared that he would be disfigured for life. Two very ugly black eyes and a badly cut nose, however, were luckily the only results of the accident.

As her family grew, the Queen became stricter in the government of her nursery and children. Obedience was always insisted upon, and punishments for the breaking of that rule were speedy and severe. On one occasion the little Prince for some childish disobedience was picked up by Her Majesty and slipped before the entire Court. Being sent to bed in the daytime was another punishment strictly enforced among the little people of the

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Royal nurseries, who were genuinely devoted to their parents, and singularly honest and truthful and high-minded in the best sense of the words. But the Prince of Wales remained exceedingly shy, and Prince Metternich, who saw him when he was a big boy, said of him, "Plaisait à tout le monde, mais il avait l'air embarrassé et très triste."

The Prince's education began very early in life, and though he learned music from Mrs. Anderson, the wife of the Queen's bandmaster, the majority of his lessons were given him by tutors. The Rev. H. M. Birch (Her Majesty's Birch he was sometimes called) educated him from 1849 to 1851, after which Mr. Gibbs was intrusted with the responsible task. There were few toys to be found in the Royal nurseries, as both the Queen and Prince Consort believed in training children from a strictly utilitarian point of view. At Osborne, a small Swiss cottage which stood in the ground was given to the Princes and Princesses when they were quite small. Here they were taught to cook, scour, wash, and to study all rudiments of housekeeping. For many years the Queen when at Osborne always had one dish served at her table that had been made by one or other of her daughters. The young Princes

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were taught to build and to garden. They worked two or three hours a day side by side with labourers, under a foreman who criticised their work and checked the amount they did on a sheet which was sent each week to the Prince Consort, who paid his sons the regular rate of wages for the tasks they had performed. Each child had his or her garden in which they were obliged to do all save the very roughest work. A small shed contained their garden tools, each one bearing the initials of the child who owned it.

In these days Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice were too small to do anything except to drag about a little cart, and generally to help their elder brothers and sisters.

It must not for a moment be imagined that the Prince had no pleasure in his childish days. One of his earliest recollections is a visit that Tom Thumb paid to Buckingham Palace, when the Queen introduced the "General" to the Prince, who was then about four years old, an event from which sprang the historic name "Tum Tum." The Queen also took her children to Astby's famous circus, and as they became old enough they were allowed to attend the "command" perform-

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ance given by the Keans at Windsor, and to go to the opera.

From his early days the Prince has known what it is to travel. He and the Princess Royal were quite tiny when they paid their first visit to Ireland; and the little Prince imbibed his love of sport when he was about seven years old, and was taken out on a deer-stalking expedition in Scotland. His first visit to the Continent was made when the Queen and the Prince Consort stayed with Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie in Paris. At the end of this visit, which was delightful to the Royal children who had been brought up on almost Spartan lines, the young Prince begged the Empress to let him stay a little longer. The Empress laughingly told the boy that his parents would not be able to spare him, to which he replied in his usual straightforward manner that he did not think he would be missed, as there were plenty more of them in the nurseries at home.

Early in the year 1858 White Lodge at Richmond was prepared as a residence for the Prince of Wales, who lived there with Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Tarver his tutor, Lord Valletort, Major Teesdale, and Major Lindsey. These three performed the

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duties of equerry in monthly rotation, while Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Tarver prepared the Prince for his coming confirmation, which took place on the 1st of April of that year, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. A great family party assembled for the occasion, and after this impressive rite, which was administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, met in the Green Drawing Room, and gave the Prince some handsome presents in honour of the occasion.

In the following November the Queen wrote a letter to the Prince of Wales, which in affectionate and touching terms informed him that he must now consider himself free from parental control. She spoke in the most impressive terms of the love that she and the Prince Consort had for him, and reminded him that though he might sometimes have been taught to consider their government of him severe, and the ruling of his life strict, they had been actuated throughout only by anxiety for his welfare, and had wished to so strengthen his judgment that he should be proof against the evils of flattery and sycophancy that must beset his future.

The Queen also offered in the most maternal

The Prince as a Son

way always to place the best of her experience and advice at the Prince's disposal. The letter was of great length, and beautifully expressed. It profoundly touched the Prince, who burst into tears while reading it, and again when showing it to Gerald Wellesley. It was felt by those who were privileged to see these motherly words that they would make a lasting impression on his thoughts and mode of life.

Life at the Universities, a trip to America, and a walking tour in the west of England largely occupied the following years of the Prince's life. The next great event that nearly touched him was the death of his father, in December, 1861. Only a few days before his fatal illness the Prince Consort visited the Prince of Wales at Cambridge. He was then in very poor health, and a few days after that visit the Prince was summoned to his father's deathbed.

It is of course impossible to imagine what would have been the relations between Prince Albert and his son had the former lived; but during the Prince Consort's lifetime a great respect and affection for his father dominated the Prince of Wales. That he had great faith in his father's

The Prince of Wales

methods of management and organization is shown by the fact that the Prince's estate at Sandringham is managed and modelled on the same plans that ruled the various properties about Windsor and Osborne. When it was decided that the Royal mausoleum at Frogmore should be erected to the memory of Prince Albert, the Prince was among the first of the family to come forward, and from his own purse subscribe £10,000 toward the beautifying of the building. His observance of the anniversary of his father's death has always been sincere and voluntary. Amid all the pageantry of his splendid progress through India the Prince set the 14th of December apart as a day to be spent in the strictest seclusion. He was at Madras at the time, and on the evening that preceded the sad anniversary he drove eight miles from the city to the governor's country seat, where he remained until the 15th, with only two or three gentlemen of his suite to share his strict privacy.

The Prince has also kept his father's memory green by the energy, time, and money he has given to the advancement of education and his encouragement of every branch of science and art. His early married life was marked by works of charity



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The Prince as a Son

and beneficence such as the Prince Consort would have approved.

The Prince's relations to the Queen have always been those of an affectionate son and most loyal subject. The regard in which he holds Her Majesty is quite touching, and every one knows that nothing displeases him more than the suggestion that he himself should ever sit on the Throne of England. Even in such small matters as proposing and drinking the Queen's health the Prince is most punctilious, invariably standing uncovered when the National Anthem is played. He carries his sentiments toward Her Majesty so far as to forbid the drinking of his own health standing, always saying, with charming simplicity, "I am only a subject of the Queen."

During the long period of the Queen's retirement from active public life the Prince was permitted to appear at ceremonies and functions of a more or less social character, but was never consulted on matters of state policy, and his public acts were practically limited to the laying of foundation stones and the opening of charitable institutions. As time went on, and he saw younger men than himself holding positions of great power and influ-

The Prince of Wales

ence, he could but regret that he had been relegated at the beginning of his career to the duties of a social figurehead.

There is no doubt that the Prince has aspired all his life after nobler things, for this is clearly shown by the energy and zeal with which he throws himself into whatever he finds to do. As a chairman of commissions, he is indefatigable as a worker and unique in business aptitude. It is in this way that he has been able to show the fruits of his education and upbringing, while the lessons he learned as a son he has utilized as a father, and will not forget when, in the natural course of events, still heavier responsibilities rest upon him.

THE END

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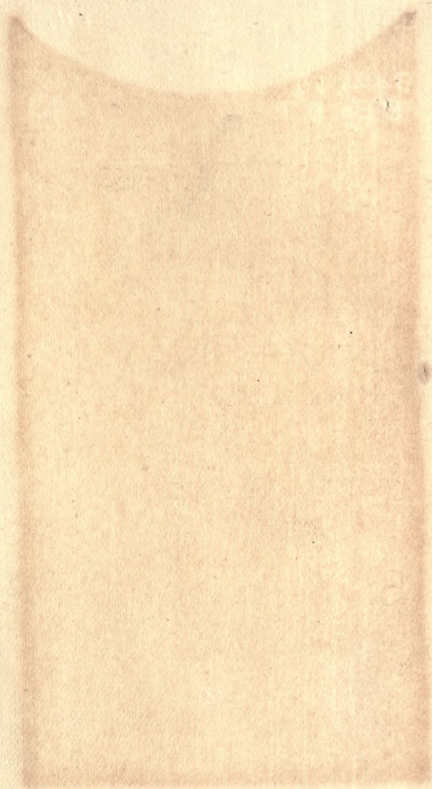
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